# BOOKMAN

W. J. LOCKE

photo: E. O. HOPPÉ

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# The Bookman.

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No. 299. Vol. L. AUGUST, 1916. Price Sixpence.

6d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.

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## NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of* The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

*A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.*

## News Notes.

"The Wonderful Year," a new novel by W. J. Locke, will be published by Mr. John Lane in the autumn. Mr. Locke has just finished another story, "The Red Planet," which has the great war for a background.

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Mr. Heinemann is publishing this month "Gilded Vanity," a new novel by Richard Dehan. It is a comedy of society life. From Mr. Heinemann, too, we are to have shortly "The Song of the Plow," the verse chronicle of the English peasantry on which Mr. Maurice Hewlett has been engaged for the last ten years. A record of the thousand-years struggle for life and freedom of the men who work on the land, it is perhaps best described as an Epic of the Peasant.

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Messrs. Macmillan have just published a five shilling revised and enlarged edition of J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People," with an admirably written Epilogue of nearly two hundred pages, by Mrs. Alice Stopford Green, which carries the History on from 1815 to 1914. It is well supplied with maps, useful chronological annals and genealogical tables.

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Miss Isabel Elisabeth Henderson (Elinor Marsden Eliot), whose delightful book, "My Canada," was recently published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, is a descendant of the Selkirk settlers; her great-grandfather went out to the Red River in the service of the Hudson Bay Company. For these last eight years unfortunately she has been an invalid, but since the war started, propped up in her bed, she has knitted over two hundred pairs of socks for the men she calls "my boys in the trenches."

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The story of what is done by our mine-sweepers and patrol ships and how they do it is told by Mr. J. J. Bell in "Little Grey Ships," which Mr. John Murray is publishing immediately.

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One of the novelists who have laid the pen aside since the war began is Mr. Desmond Coke, and the many admirers of "The Bending of a Twig," and "The Golden Key" will be glad to have news of him. He has written nothing since "The Art of Silhouette," which was published by Mr. Martin Secker nearly three years ago. In the early days of the war he obtained a commission in

Mr. Philip Sidney Woolf.

Mr. Cecil N. Sidney Woolf.

the Army; he went to France as Adjutant of a battalion of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment in July of last year. After being mentioned in Dispatches last April, he was invalided home in May, suffering from trench fever, and is now convalescing at Bournemouth, but it is likely to be some weeks yet before he is fit either to return to the front or to resume his literary work.

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Mr. Cecil N. Sidney Woolf, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Mr. Philip Sidney Woolf, joint translators of Stendhal's "On Love," which Messrs. Duckworth have published, are in the 20th Hussars and on active service in France. They are sons of the late Sidney Woolf, Q.C.

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Miss Mary L. Pendered, whose "Book of Common Joys" (Dent) we review in this Number, is the author of many admirable novels, the latest of which, "The Secret Sympathy," was written in response to a request from her publishers, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, for a novel of the lighter kind to follow her successful story of "Plain Jill." She wrote it under difficulties, for Miss Pendered lives near Herne Bay and the continued and violent practising of the big guns at Sheerness made writing a misery to her. She found the noise so intolerable that she was driven to take refuge with her brother in her old home in Nottinghamshire, and there finished the novel, though its scenes are laid by the sea, where she lives. She is now home again and, since she finds writing impossible, is occupied in her garden and in helping to run a Soldiers' Club in the village of Beltinge. She is chairman of committee, entertainment organiser, accompanist at the piano, and takes her share in the general housework and canteen management. Incidentally she is registered as a voluntary worker and does a great deal of sewing. Two of her nephews are serving with the Colours and a third is leaving school to join this autumn.

*Photo by Browne, Eastbourne.*

Capt. Desmond Coke.

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The Book Trade Provident Society has decided, in consequence of the price of paper, to suspend the publication of the "Odd Volume," and Mr. G. H. Grubb, an energetic member of its Committee, is appealing to authors to help them to make up the revenue the Society will lose from this source. Several have already responded, and Mr. W. L. George in doing so has written to him: "I am ashamed to think I have never before subscribed to the Book Trade Provident Society. I am only sorry that in these times of ruin all I can send is a guinea. But I hope you will believe in my sincere interest when I add that in future I propose to subscribe every year as much as I can afford. For among the booksellers there are people who love books for their own sake—and as I do too, they are my friends. The author who does not remember them is not playing the game."

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Roger Wray, whose first novel, "The Soul of a Teacher" (Chapman & Hall), met with a very favourable reception last year, has completed a new story, "Madcaps and Madmen," which is to be published shortly by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. It is a tale of mining life in the Midlands.

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We are always hearing of the books that are being read by our men in the trenches, and that poetry old and new is wonderfully popular with them. It must be gratifying to Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (a civilian poet, but one who has thrice offered himself for enlistment and been rejected on physical grounds) to find a French soldier bearing testimony to the realistic truthfulness of the verses

**Jean Webster**
**(Mrs. Glenn Ford McKinney).**
Author of "Daddy Long Legs" and other popular books.
Died 11th June last. She was a grand-niece of Mark Twain.

in his recent volume, "Battle." Reviewing the book in the *Revue de l'Enseignement des Langues Vivantes*, Professor Eugene Gondry, who is now a lieutenant of artillery, says the poems voice the very feelings of the fighting men and describe what is seen and done by them with amazing accuracy. "We have just read them," he adds, "some yards from our trenches, in the hush that follows the thunder of battle." And he dates his review from Verdun. Mr. Gibson has arranged to go on a tour through America next year, under the auspices of the Pond Lyceum Bureau. He will give readings from his poems in the chief towns of the principal States, beginning at New York on the 7th January, and returning to finish there on the 5th March.

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Mr. F. A. Mackenzie, the well-known war correspondent, has written the story of the recent rebellion in Ireland, and Messrs. Pearson are publishing it immediately under the title of "The Irish Rebellion: What Happened and Why."

*Photo by Cyril Stedmore, Taunton.*

**Miss F. E. Mills Young,**
whose new novel, 'The Bywonner," was published recently by Mr. John Lane.

**John Travers**
**(Mrs. Eva Mary Bell),**
whose brilliant new novel, "Happiness" (Hodder & Stoughton), was reviewed in the June *Bookman*.

"A Book of Laughter," by Edwin Pugh, which Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward are publishing, is neither a novel nor a collection of short stories. It is an exposition of the philosophy of laughter, punctuated with numerous anecdotes and tales illustrative of every kind of humour, conscious and unconscious, that moves men to laughter. The same firm is publishing this autumn "The Girl and the Faun," a fairy story for adults, by Eden Phillpotts, and a new volume of Mr. Phillpotts's verse, "Delight, and other Poems."

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For nearly half a century, Mr. Edward Clodd has lived on terms of intimate friendship with the most interesting people of his generation, and into his

*From a photo taken at St. Moritz.* **Mr. J. F. Harris,**
whose new book, "Samuel Butler, Author of 'Erewhon,'" has just been published by Mr. Grant Richards.

"Memories," which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing almost immediately, he has written his recollections of Meredith, Huxley, George Gissing, Andrew Lang, Grant Allen, Holman Hunt, Samuel Butler, Sir Alfred Lyall, Mary Kingsley, Mrs. Lynn Lynton, and other such famous men and women. The book will contain many hitherto unpublished letters and twelve autographed portraits.

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Mr Eric S. Robertson, whose new book "The Bible's Prose Epic of Eve and her Sons," was published last month by Messrs. Williams & Norgate, was until recently vicar of a parish in the Westmorland Lake District, and his "Wordsworthshire" is one of the most delightful guides to that glamorous neighbourhood. In the '80's, before he went to India as Professor of English Literature and Philosophy at the Punjab University, he was editor of Messrs. Walter Scott's "Great Writers" series, for which he wrote the volume on Longfellow.

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We have grown so accustomed to regarding Mr. George Moore as a novelist of modern life, and an uncompromising realist, to boot, that his new story, "The Brook Kerith," which Mr. Werner Laurie is publishing this month, will probably come as a surprise to most of his readers. He handled the same theme to some extent in his drama, "The Apostle," in 1911, but only as an artist makes a first rough sketch before he elaborates the finished picture. "The Brook Kerith" is not only a new book, in its relation to Mr. Moore's other novels it is also a new departure, at all events superficially. If you say as much to Mr. Moore he is not disposed to agree with you. "All my books are new departures," he says. "I have never cared to deal twice with the same subject in any two novels I have written. My chief interest as a novelist is in human nature—in human character, which is essentially the same to-day as it was two thousand years ago, and my new book studies human life in the past instead of in the present—that's all. There is an ancient legend that can be traced back as far as the second or third century, and is probably much older, that Christ remained living on earth after the Crucifixion, and in his later years went on a preaching mission into India. This legend has always had a strong fascination for me, and I have founded my story on it. Although I wrote the book in eighteen months, I spent some years in studying all available records that could help me in my undertaking, and then felt it was impossible to make a start until I had seen for myself the places that were to be the scenes of my story. I must feel the ground under my feet before I can get to work on a book. For instance, when we think of a desert we invariably picture a flat and sandy waste; but when I went to Palestine I found the desert I was to write of was a dreary expanse

*Photo by Lawson Taylor.* **Mr. W. Hope Hodgson,**
whose new book of stories, "The Luck of the Strong" (Eveleigh Nash), is reviewed in this Number.

of barren and stony hillocks. I travelled all about the country of the Gospels, and visited every place I have described." Listening to him as he outlines something of the developments of "The Brook Kerith" you cannot but feel how profoundly his subject has impressed and taken possession of him. "It has no theological significance, of course, and I hope nobody will be so foolish as to try to read any into it," he says. "It is purely a work of imagination, with its interest centred on the greatest figure that ever walked the earth." This romance, novel, story—one scarcely knows how to class it—being off his hands, Mr. Moore is now busy again with the revision of all his other books for the collected edition of his works which Mr Heinemann is publishing.

# THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

## PATRICK MACGILL.

"'Do you expect an Irishman to cook bully beef when his regiment is going over the top?' asked Felan, the company cook, who, according to regulations would not cross in the charge. 'For shame!'

"We rose, all of us, shook him warmly by the hand, and wished him luck."

IT was the night before the charge of the London Irish at Loos. It is good to read these words put into the mouth of an Irishman by a representative Irishman to-day. The new war-sketches of Mr. Patrick MacGill have rapidly followed the first volume, named "The Red Horizon." The one before me is entirely given to the great fight at Loos. The narrative is very powerful and dramatic, and the rapid incidents in the turmoil of battle are massed with fine intensive effect. But I had in mind when "The Great Push"* appeared to write of the author and of all he stands for in Ireland at this hour. And we will turn at once to his Irishmen, and to Felan, who was company cook that week of the great advance:

"Rifleman Felan, my mate, went up the ladder of the assembly trench with a lighted cigarette in his mouth. Out on the open his first feeling was one of disappointment; the charge was as dull as a church parade to start with. Felan, although orders were given to the contrary, expected a wild, whooping, forward rush, but the men stepped out soberly with the pious decision of ancient ladies going to church. In front the bilious yellow gas receded like a curtain . . ."

The Irishman disappeared into the opening formed by the caprice of the breeze in the gas-cloud, and beheld the parapet of the German trench. He was quite solitary, the mist hid him from view of his comrades, and none would have witnessed his turn-back. But his regiment was "going over the top," and he would go forward. "A big, bearded German faced him, adjusting the range of his rifle." Felan adjusted his. Before he knew the result of his shot he was out of the battle. A stretcher-bearer picked him up, and left him in a shell-hole all the tormented day till he was found by the narrator.

Mr. Patrick MacGill.

Felan, first described in "The Red Horizon," was "an Irishman with a brogue that could be cut with a knife," who sang on the first night before the trenches, when the London Irish boys tasted "first blood" in France. Felan was no trained artist, but he knew how to carry his audience with him. "It's a song about the time Irelan' was fighting for freedom, and it's called 'The Rising of the Moon.' A great song entirely it is, and I cannot do it justice," he said then.

Now, before the great charge at Loos:

"'Well, what will I sing?' Felan asked.

"'Any damned thing,' said Bill.

"'The "Trumpeter," and we'll all help,' said Kore.

"Felan leant against the wall, thrust his head back, closed his eyes, stuck the thumb of his right hand into a buttonhole of his tunic and began his song.

"His voice, rather hoarse but very pleasant, faltered a little at first, but was gradually permeated by a note of deepest feeling, and a strange passion surged through the melody. Felan was pouring his soul into the song:

"'Trumpeter, what are you sounding now?
Is it the call I'm seeking?
Lucky for you if you hear it at all,
For my trumpet's but faintly speaking—
I'm calling 'em home.
Come home! Come home!
Tread light o'er the dead in the valley,
Who are lying around
Face down to the ground,
And they can't hear——'"

We have to look on a forbidding picture. Realistic Art and War never met more grimly than in that fight when the rifleman-narrator, framed to be a vivid painter of battle-shambles, found himself stretcher-bearer on the battle-field. As narrative the work is masterly. There is no tedious

* 2s. 6d. (Herbert Jenkins).

length, but the story of attack and counter-attack is carefully and clearly told. And yet, to all praise, it must be added that "The Great Push" is not an advance on its predecessor. We miss the wide impressionism so manifest in Mr. MacGill's work when it is touched with the spirit rather than the letter. The narrator at last, amidst the general disarray and confusion, is left wounded on the field. Then all is lost in fever dream. Was a morbid dream all that was left of a heroic experience at Loos?

I had occasion to speak here of "The Red Horizon" and it's picture of the greatness and the littleness of the soldier's life. But I am left asking now: Is War the subject which claims the fulfilment of Mr. MacGill's great promise?

I shut up the book, and turn to the author.

In his two first novels* he took us by the hand, as it were, and led us along the deserted roads of Donegal in a narrative leisurely as the valley we reached. It was one morning in spring that I set my face to Glenties. But I would not ask for the house. The father of the poet had died: his mother dwelt there with her other children, who are still young. Without seeing her, I gained a good picture. She is a dignified person, swaying the profits of the farm, going seldom from the house, "keeping things together." She values her children's farm gifts far above fame. It is not in the traditions of their forefathers to win fame. To find the way to heaven whilst farming in the valley, or if away still farming, is the object of life in the Glenties home. The mother is a knitter, and has a very excellent gift of story. A child asks for one at the end of the day, and the quiet, even tones narrate the tale of familiar and fabulous things closely interwoven. The familiar never rejects what is unseen, and the fabulous implies common knowledge. She is a person of deep piety. Nor did I see the children brought up on the tales of their beautifully-narrating mother, but I heard of maidens and boys "supple-limbed and clean," as Mr. MacGill sings. I could guess the small homestead standing above the valley, and many like it following the ridge of the stream and the road which leads from the quiet glen to the wide world.

In the school Gaelic is taught. But the Irishman told me that he was never concerned with its revival; like several of the great narrators—notably George Sand—he knows but one language: that of his own verse or prose. He reads or recites English poetry with perfect feeling, inflection, and intonation, though rarely persuaded so to be heard.

It is well known how he read and studied, self-trained, at the age of eighteen, and how a short passage through journalism won him notice, and friends gave him work in a Chapter Library with leisure to write.

The art of Patrick MacGill did not have its rise in the valleys of Donegal which he describes so well, but in the worst slums of Glasgow, city of the blackest poverty known, fed through starving farms of West Ireland. He there found the purpose of his life, after discovering the secret of prose narrative. He was first known as a singer,—for me he was the inspired writer of the Irish ballad "Mated Dolorosa." The most languid review reader must have become aware in 1910 that there was a Navvy Poet. Songs of the pick and shovel, of the dark tunnel and steep cutting, of the desert road and hungry tramp, must here and there have awakened curiosity. But the Navvy Poet was not to be found amongst Mudie's books. A scheme of private publication was followed of rather a romantic character. It was not till MacGill had written his first novel that "Songs of the Dead End" appeared, published under that title.

But whilst a somewhat sentimental success imperilled MacGill's serious achievement, and whilst journalism offered him an income, he was not idle.

At the age of twenty-one he discovered French literature without knowing French. It was in this wise. He translated for himself "Fables de la Fontaine," word for word, and made verse transcriptions into more or less English or Irish fables. And then one day he spelt out in the same fashion Daudet's "Contes de Mon Moulin." It contained a revelation for MacGill. Here were stories about the poor, written without exaggeration, without sensational effect, but inherent tragedy. He began writing the story of Dermod O'Flynn and Norah Ryan. It seemed easy at first. Irish memories furnished a sweet monotonous rhythm to a narrative of primitive life and primitive needs, and of self-taught literature leading to the abnormal life of journalism. The escape was to be into the humanitarian life amongst the slums of Glasgow. Such is the story of the "Children of the Dead End." It was the fruit of a deeply intelligent study of the French Impressionists.

The rise of young authors met with a fate unparalleled at the outbreak of European war. When the thunderbolt fell from a clear sky, the first surprising result was that the writers could not write. It was an experience shared by the young with the veterans. "I cannot write." So said Patrick MacGill with others in the August of Mons. His whole outlook was altered by the appearance on the globe of trench warfare. He had started for a holiday in Ireland at the end of July with the MS. of "The Rat Pit" left far advanced in his desk, and a mind full of the social aims embodied in his second novel. He returned hastily with every humanitarian idea tested through and through by the one searching question of enlistment. It was a case of conscience with Patrick MacGill. His whole inclination was for service in France, but former Tolstoian ideas barred the way. What Victor Hugo has called "A storm beneath a skull" was enacted in the mind of a reflective Irishman. It was, I believe, the instinct of art that solved the problem. He had found the purpose of his life in challenging the oppression of the poor, and a greater challenge appeared before him, altering all standards of life, and he was willing to risk his life to see war face to face. "The Amateur Army" showed fine balance of thought concerning our reply to the German challenge.

How his Art has flourished in war time the future must decide. In every case the author of "The Great Push" must be encouraged by knowing that the Irish novel of the future is looked for from his pen, and that his name alone carries us far from the sound of parties and politics and the din of controversy.

BLANCHE WARRE CORNISH.

* "The Children of the Dead End," "The Rat Pit."

# THE READER.

## W. J. LOCKE.

AN APPRECIATION.

BY F. G. BETTANY.

THAT stoop which takes somewhat from his height betrays at first meeting what a glance round Mr. Locke's library shelves, loaded with well-thumbed books, many of them, as I seem to remember, yellow backs with the imprint of Paris, would no less confirm. It is the scholar's stoop; here is a novelist who waited to learn something of life and letters before employing his pen. To his readers, of course, this is an open secret. The written page bears evidence which no knowledge of the author's appearance, no frequenting of those "Noctes Ambrosianæ" he used to hold for men friends a while ago in Chelsea could possibly better. Marcus Ordeyne might almost serve as his own portrait. It is the way in which he tells a story, the happy allusiveness of his style, the little signs of scholarship and meditation, the harvest of a quiet eye and a retentive memory—it is these that charm quite as much as the story itself. Behind all his books can be felt at work a scholarly mind; behind them all can be detected a writer who has read widely, travelled well, touched life at many points, gained broad views and a fine taste. His scholar's taste is to be recognised in his favourite books—"Tristram Shandy," for example. Not for nothing was another scholar-novelist, Anatole France, the delight of his youthful days long before the Frenchman had won by translation his big English constituency of admirers. The influence of M. Thibault on the author of "The Beloved Vagabond" is not easily overrated; the two men have affinities in their impatience with pharisaism and their trick of irony as well as in their literary sophistication.

There are a couple of sentences in one of Mr. Locke's earliest novels which may be taken as his own confessions, though they are placed in the mouth of an Oxford don, "The idyllic always strikes me as a bit flimsy. I never could lie under a tree and pretend to read Theocritus. I'd sooner read Rabelais over a fire." Boccaccio might almost as well have been mentioned as Rabelais, for Mr. Locke has given many a leisure hour to the "Decameron." Yet he loves his Marcus Aurelius, he is steeped in classical lore. Odd to reflect that a man with such preferences should have taken the Mathematical Tripos, though doubtless the grind at mathematics had its uses when he became secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Notwithstanding the beauty of "John's" red-brick courts you are tempted to think of him as having been sent by fate to the wrong university. Oxford, you say, should have received this humanist, not Cambridge; "Greats" ought to have been his school. Or should it be reckoned a tribute to the unstereotyped character of the Cambridge system that it sheltered so Oxonian a type?

No matter whom we have to thank, Cambridge or himself, the first feature that any appreciation of Mr. Locke's art must fasten upon is the scholarly note in his writing. It lends his work distinction, urbanity, a touch of that fastidiousness, refinement, eclecticism, call it which you will, which is his personal quality; and one can but be glad that that brief spell of tutorial experience which preluded his service of architecture did not spoil in him, as such experience has often spoilt, the instinct for letters. In point of fact his first book was composed in Scotland, was actually published two years before he made his change of professional duties; and already his manner was formed, already the graces and elegancies are evident.

France, I should add—and I mean the country of France and not Anatole France—has left its mark on Mr. Locke's fiction, perhaps may be said to have shaped and fostered his talent. How came about his precocious mastery of the language, his early fondness for things Gallic, I must have forgotten. Or are they to be connected in some way with his West Indian birth and schooling? This much I seem to recall that he was pretty soon familiar with the Paris of the students and the cafés, and he has always read largely in French literature. Especially the novelists, from George Sand and Balzac onwards. His first holiday journeys, too, appear to have gravitated inevitably towards France, and soon he knew its byways and unfrequented nooks. The atmosphere reacted on him like an intoxicant. It does so still, despite his much wider range of travel. A lightness gets into his

W. J. Locke.

**W. J. Locke,**
at the age of six. He is seen defiantly wearing his first trousers. They were tried on and he refused to take them off again, so was taken straightway from the tailor's to the photographer's to celebrate the event.

stories the moment he touches French soil in them—a rise of spirits, a gaiety of heart and speech which is the more notable for being probably unconscious. France helped him to his best descriptions even in his prentice novel, and it is the scene of all that is brightest and quaintest and most humorous, yes and idyllic in his master work, the fantasy of Paragot—the beloved vagabond. Beauty, we are told, is in the eye that sees it, and so too is romance, so are the elements of the grotesque and the fantastic. Other men, even Frenchmen, tramping or motoring along French lanes might see in the inns and their frequenters the ordinary matter of fact, but into the air that he finds so tonic Mr. Locke brings his own wizardry with him, and hey presto! adventures, situations, startling, affecting, comic, abound.

If what is dramatic and picturesque suggests itself in incident, what is droll presents itself in type. Trust Mr. Locke to turn to the most humorous account any example of Gallic eccentricity! His Aristide, for instance. I have a vivid recollection of being privileged years ago to listen to the author's reading of the first of "The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol." There is no harm now in saying that I lent my ear to this with some misgivings. A series of almost farcical episodes in which you must strike twelve o'clock at once every time! Were not the novelist's methods too leisurely, too delicate for this? But I was wrong, of course, and most happily disappointed. Paragot should have taught me better wisdom. The jollity, the enchanting freshness, the buoyancy of the thing still linger in my memory. Mr. Locke knew his own powers. His kindly rogue of a Provençal is a creation always kept at concert pitch. Note, however, his nationality and then bethink you where the other and only more "beloved" vagabond felt most at home.

There were no painful fumblings in Mr. Locke's literary history; he jumped into the arena a fully fledged novelist. "At the Gate of Samaria" bears his stamp in style and shows plenty of ease after a slightly nervous opening. Just a few sentences he would have toned down had he had the handling of them to-day. But the book, for a first effort, is surprisingly mature. With its Puritanical household, its revolting daughter, its idea of a platonic friendship broken up by misunderstanding, if not with its clever study of the explorer whose brutality of temper is hidden under the glamour of his feats, it dates, as a book of its time, the time of problems and thesis novels. But once its ingenuous treatment of sex is discounted, it is an excellent piece of craftsmanship. It is, however, much more of a human document, a much closer transcript from life than the Mr. Locke of this decade cares to affect; and the first really characteristic stories of his may be reckoned "Derelicts" and "Idols."

Here it is that chivalry and quixotry begin to play rôles in the motivisation of his characters which, as time goes on, will be made dominant rôles. The penitent gentleman-criminal of "Derelicts" carries self-abnegation to such lengths that after supporting for long his cousin's discarded wife whom he has learnt to love, he is ready to tear out his very heart-strings and give her back to the victim of bigamy without murmuring a word about his own feelings. The melodramatic heroine of "Idols" is such an altruist that she smirches her reputation to save her husband's innocent friend from the consequences of a murder-charge. From this point on you will find nearly every one of Mr. Locke's leading men a quixote, and the sacrifice of self a constant *motif*. Paragot goes into exile to take another man's sins on his shoulders. Marcus Ordeyne recklessly adopts a stray girl he meets in the street, and as chivalrously receives back his ward when she has eloped with a scamp and been deserted, nay, marries her, and would, had it lived, have fathered her child. The prevalence of such generosity of emotion and such obedience to sentiment Mr. Locke expects you to grant him as a postulate.

"Everything noble, beautiful, and splendid," declares one of his men, obviously echoing the author, "that has ever been written, sung, painted, or done since the world began has been born in sentiment, has been carried through by sentiment, has been remembered and reverenced by sentiment." And *à propos* of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," he has said himself, "Thank God, there are yet remaining some sentimentalists of fifty

**Corner Hall,**
**Hemel Hempstead.**
Entrance porch of house.

who can read them with pleasure and profit." Sentiment, then, he may be said to have nailed to his mast, to have chosen as his motto, and if sentimentalists are the exception in the world Mr. Locke's novels must be regarded as dealing well nigh exclusively with such exceptions. Of course he is a believer in men's friendships. Again and again in his later work your interest is solicited for a modern David and Jonathan or Pylades and Orestes who confide in each other, share purses as well as thoughts, and make the most whole-hearted surrenders for each other on occasion. John Risca and Walter Herold in "Stella Maris" will serve as instances. If as his intimates all aver the novelist himself has a genius for friendship, it is not surprising that he has met what he has given or that he takes the liberty of shaping his world in his own image; nay more, he has a right to insist, as he does in the practice of his art, that man's devotion to man is a much commoner fact than the cynic or realist is disposed to allow. He claims the right, and it is amusing to observe, as in one of the passages quoted above, that he has his own sophistic for silencing objectors.

*Photo by E. O. Hoppé.*

**Mrs. W. J. Locke.**

His policy, at any rate, brings romance into tales of modern life, creates heroes out of otherwise ordinary flesh and blood, enables his folk to make the most of the offers of chance and the emotional potentialities of human nature. Think where his characters would be, where Marcus Ordeyne would be, without this sentimental responsiveness. Thanks to it we can go abroad with them with the delightful conviction that the strange or the thrilling, or the piquant is waiting for them, and for us, only just round the corner, and will not be let slip by. No worldly-wise scruples check Marcus when he stumbles across his Carlotta. Simon takes both his dwarf and his lion-tamer to his heart at once. Aristide—yes, no doubt events go more breathlessly and magically in France; but Mr. Locke has made even this old London of ours a place of magic. And his fancy is rendered the more captivating because always playing upon its vagaries, smiling at them, as it were, with indulgence or excuse, we see that ironical humour of his. Thus there are two Mr. Lockes busy in every story, the one indulging his zest in invention, the second shrugging his shoulders and jesting over the other fellow's escapades.

Popularity came to this author with the issue of "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne." So when pressed he himself admits. But indeed the facts are too much for him. For once the public showed a right instinct, for the book was a marked advance on all that had gone before and revealed the true Locke in his twin phases of scholar and magician. He had had to wait ten years to enter into his kingdom and now success was crowded on him. "Marcus" brought an American public to his feet and won him an entrée to the stage. "The Beloved Vagabond" proved that success was doing him no harm and justly extended his vogue. There was a risk that the theatre might claim all his time. He had always been extremely interested in the stage, I may remark, and a keen critic of acting. The lure therefore was great. But the novelist kept his head and stuck to his old love. Even his decision to break finally with architecture and concentrate on authorship was taken with plenty of deliberation. That secretarial position had been a good stand-by and had widened probably his acquaintance with art. (The Persic apparatus of the interiors of some of his later romances owe something we may suspect to the experience.) But the commissions of the magazines left him no alternative save freedom. Not that he lets serial writing mortgage his brains. He has always been wise in preventing his agents from binding him too tightly. His contracts, he tells me, leave him from fifteen to eighteen months for work, and if a man cannot turn out a novel in less time than that, he thinks, his case must be parlous. Well under the twelvemonth was the time he spent on his new and rollicking romance of France and the East and love's tangles which is now appearing serially as "The Wonderful Year." The book which cost him the least labour to compose—seven months in all—was "Jaffery." But that, he declares,

**Corner Hall,**

Mr. W. J. Locke's house at Hemel Hempstead, in Hertfordshire.

**"The lady's hand tenderly patted the cardboard nose of her lover."**

From "The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol," by W. J. Locke (John Lane).

was a joy to write, it almost wrote itself. No wonder, with its fine plot of the novel that was stolen and the agony the poor thief went through to live up to the reputation of which he had defrauded the dead.

But I am hurrying on too fast, for "Jaffery" was Mr. Locke's last published novel, and in between "Aristide Pujol" and that came two books which showed a very interesting development. Some of the author's harsher critics—they are not many—had told him that his novels were too much like fairy tales. His answer was characteristically courageous and piquant. Half of "Stella Maris" is pure fairy tale, a drama of sordid domesticity and violence serving as contrast and background. "The Fortunate Youth" goes one better, it is a story of a fairy prince and his progress in modern setting. "I have taken you at word," says Mr. Locke in effect, "I have done deliberately what you say I do unconsciously. Now, how do you like it?"

Well, it is just the fantastic side of "Stella Maris" which carried us all away. I am one of those heretics who think Stella's final choice between her two champions a caprice—Mr. Locke is always very wilful in arranging and re-arranging his heroine's love affairs; and I confess to preferring Stella bed-ridden and fed with legends to Stella cured and in her tantrums, notwithstanding the novelist's poetic treatment of her awakening to a knowledge of evil. That room overlooking the sea in which the girl, innocent as a baby, accepts homage from her little court of chivalry and diffuses an atmosphere of love is a little world of *féerie* in itself. But the later work is all fairy-story, full of youth's gay daring and optimism and adventurousness, as well as adorned by the old narrative felicity and play of wit and neatly-turned epigram—a golden book with sunshine on nearly every page. And looking at this tale and Pujol's adventures and the pilgrimage of Paragot, and remembering how easily he creates fantastic character—Barney Bill, Quixtus, Papadopoulos, Aristide himself—I see my way to defining Mr. Locke's quiddity. His forte is picaresque romance, his gift is that of the improvisateur. He has no need to resent the label, he has had distinguished predecessors.

There are a dozen and a half novels to Mr. Locke's name; he has written half-a-dozen plays if you count as two one that has been done in two forms, and has lately collected a volume of short stories. If we dismiss the adaptations, the pieces he has written definitely for the stage amount only to a couple, "The Palace of Puck" and "The Man from the Sea." Both were fanciful but in different manners. The former had too gossamer a structure, too wayward a scheme to conciliate the impatience of playhouse audiences; in the latter I can recall but one figure distinctly, but a very engaging figure, the sailor who brings a breath of fresh air into a stuffy *milieu*. Mr. Locke is very modest over his "Far Away Stories." He tells us he has two favourites, and without mentioning which they are, hopes they may excuse some of the companion tales. The apology is unnecessary for the general level is high. I believe I know one of the two he loves best, for he showed me once near Wallingford the old house in which its scene is laid. It is one of three "Studies in Blindness," and is a pretty fable turning on the moral that it is sometimes more blessed to be blind than to see. Of the rest, which include the popular "Christmas Mystery," it may be said that all are welcome improvisations, which take us away from this time of world-conflict and horror to happier, serener times.

**Stella and the great Dane.**

From poster of "Stella Maris," by W. J. Locke (John Lane).

Mr. Locke's war-services have been very thorough, if unobtrusive. He has given up time to act as head of the committee of the Society of Authors which concerns itself with the relief of literary men who have been impoverished as a consequence of the war. For eighteen months also he maintained, with his wife's sympathetic co-operation, a hospital for invalid soldiers at his Hertfordshire home. But now that organisation is more complete private hospitals are not the necessity they were in early days, and his has just recently therefore been closed. He himself has gone through the phases most writers have experienced during war-time: first, the incapacity to do anything but read of and think of the war, then the struggle to take up the old routine again, and finally the discovery that authorship can be a refuge from the obsession of war-thoughts. The novel on which he is occupied now will have the war for background. It is as absurd, says he, to try to keep this all-important thing out of one's fiction as it is to make it the prime matter of fiction. The war is at the back of all our minds, it must affect our attitude towards life; as the emotional background of a story, he thinks it can be legitimately used.

**W. J. Locke in Venice, 1914.**

As I glance back at what I have written, it occurs to me that I have not attempted to relate Mr. Locke with his literary contemporaries and elders. It is not easy to "place" him among his English colleagues. I am far from sure that his models have ever been English. One book of his, "The Usurper," has always seemed to me in the Harland manner, but then Mr. Henry Harland was an American with a Parisian training. This has to be added that there are forms Mr. Locke has avoided—the historical novel, the romance of the supernatural and that story of local manners Mr. Hardy has made classical. He may have some slight kinship with Sterne, and all Thackeray's successors owe something to Thackeray in the matter of conversational style. But I am convinced it is from the French school that Mr. Locke has learnt most, and if there is one Frenchman more to his mind than all others—and I do not forget Anatole France—it is surely Alphonse Daudet. The "sentiment" or sensibility of the two men can be compared; there is a strong family likeness between Pujol and Tartarin. But at the same time there are differences. Mr. Locke has never bitten into print satires of his times as have both Daudet and the author of "Penguin Island." He has far too kind a heart for satire. Indeed, he is the most genial novelist we have had since the partnership of Besant and Rice. The geniality he owes to no one. It is himself.

# THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

## AUGUST, 1916.

*Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to*

"The Prize Page," The Bookman, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

*Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.*

Special Notice.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A Prize of One Guinea is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of The Bookman. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A Prize of Three New Books is offered for the best four lines of original verse on Holidays in Wartime.

IV.—A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of The Bookman will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for The Bookman Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—The PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each is awarded to Eileen Newton, of White Haven, West Cliff, Whitby, Yorks, and Annie Lee, of 295, Waterloo Road, Manchester, for the following:

### COQUETTE.

All that I said before was—lies!
Now you shall have the truth of it, stark and bare,
Now you shall see me with passion-purged eyes,
See, and perchance despise,
Why should I care?

Lovers were playthings, there to enjoy,
You, like a dozen more, when the game began;
Yet when I broke it, the beautiful toy,
Stripping the soul of the boy,
I found—the man!

As a white-hot flame your fury shone,
Bitter and biting and black were the words you said,
The while I laughed at you, on and on;
But, when I knew you had gone,
I bowed my head.

Then, in a heart all tempest-torn,
Whipped awake by the searing scourge of your hate,
Stung into life by the stab of your scorn,
Quivering love was born . . .
Too late! too late!

EILEEN NEWTON.

### JULY PERFUMES.

The ferns I tread distil for me
The essence of the earth;
The lindens swing their thuribles
Of incensed bloom;
The spikes of meadowsweet toss out
Their scent with sprightly mirth,
And elder's luscious fragrance fills
The wood's green gloom.

Between the blossom's revelling
And riot of the fruit,
The quiet year is sleeping, dressed
In Hope's fair green,
Her brightest robe is yet undonned,
Her choristers are mute;
But sound and hue could tell not all
Her perfumes mean.

The Muse's pen has named the notes
That ripple from the lark,
And caught the curvéd fluting of
The blackbird's throat;
But who can leash the hushéd sweets
That steal through summer dark,
When scents of rain-washed woodlands on
The night air float?

And Art can grasp the pearly mists
On distant curving shore,
And hold the poppy's glory in
The sun-kissed corn;
But who can snare the subtle scents
That, full of Earth's deep lore,
Express the inexpressible?—
Oh! not Earth-born!

ANNIE LEE.

We also select for printing:

### IN TWO KEYS.

How strange to think
When echoes of your laughter linger still
Amid the silence of these empty rooms,
That you will never laugh in them again.

How strange to know
When, like an opening rose beneath the sun,
Your love laid bare your golden heart to me,
My love was powerless to keep you here.

How hard to face
The world that your bright presence filled for me
With sunshine, laughter, harmony and joy,
And feel no more your hand within my hand.

How far to go
Before I reach your side, and feel again
The clinging pressure of your lips on mine,
And rest my head once more upon your heart.

* * * * *

How sweet to think,
When silence echoes to your laughter rare,
And your dear presence haunts my empty rooms,
That you have come to laugh in them again.

How sweet to know
That you are always mine—so spirit-near
I need not even reach my hand to you
Before I feel your soul's kiss on my soul.

How fair a world
Because you loved it, breathed its air, and trod
Its happy earth; you showed its heart to me
And taught me all its secrets—love the chief.

How short a time
Before I come to where you wait for me,
All eager youth and radiant deathless love—
And, one with you, pass into endless life!

(Grace Cracknall, 33, Cambridge Gardens, North Kensington, W.)

### BALLAD OF MY LADY.

Oh! you are fashioned daintily, my lady, my lady,
And every little part of you is lovely to behold,
Your wrists are fit for bangles and your neck for precious stones,
But your little slender fingers are too slim to carry gold.

Oh! you are fashioned daintily, my lady, my lady,
But a crown is far too weighty for your graceful little head,
And heavy robes of purple silk and stiffened gold brocade
Would drag your fragile shoulders down as tho' they were of lead.

Oh! you are fashioned daintily, my lady, my lady,
Too daintily to rule the land and bear the cares of State,
Methinks you will grow tired in a little span of years
And wish your old life back again, when wishing is too late.

(Madeleine C. Munday, University, Leeds.)

We also select for special commendation the fifty lyrics by Laurence Tarr (Forest Gate), Miss Ritchie (Merstham), Christine Chandler (London, W.C.), J. Archer Bellchambers (Highgate), Mona Douglas (Isle-of-Man), Josiah Turner (Walsall), Alex C. Welsh (Victoria, Australia), Halcyon (Wandsworth), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Vivien Ford (Bristol), J. Bernard McCarthy (Cork), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Private R. L. Niegroz (Egypt), Muriel I. Baker (Golders Green), Olive Turpin (Llangollen), Winifred Bourne Medway (Bristol), Violet Sykes (Harrogate), W. K. (Derby), Eva A. Spurway (Birmingham), Elsie Hunting (Farnworth), A. M. Richardson (Guisborough), Frank Reid (Rio de Janeiro), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Percival Hale Coke (Weston-super-Mare), Alice E. Page (Burgess Hill), Marjorie Crosbie (Barnes), W. M. E. F. (Liphook), L. Withall (Peaslake), Hilda Fairfax-Brown (Braunton), Derezin (Paris), Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), E. Wray (Antrim), Norman J. Bickle (St. Mary), Beatrice Craig (Straidanan), A. Welch (Chiswick), E. M. Cubison (Stowmarket), Gunner T. A. King (Plymouth), D. P. Thomas (Clarence Gate), I. L. Watts (Streatham), S. S. Chipperfield (Hull), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), Alberta Vickridge (Bradford), Ida Hearn (Croydon), R. H. Kipling (Lancaster), William Clasper (Gateshead), Eileen Carfrae (Brixton), E. R. L. (Durham), E. Stanley (Sheffield), E. Cobbold (Worthing).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss E. R. Patton, of The Manse, Rathkenny, Co. Antrim, Ireland, for the following:

CONTENT WITH FLIES. By MARY AND JANE FINDLATER. (Smith, Elder.)

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long." GOLDSMITH.

We also select for printing:

STONE TREES. By JOHN FREEMAN. (Selwyn & Blount.)

"To one who to tradition clings
This seems an awkward state of things."
W. S. GILBERT, *My Dream.*

(Muriel Pinch, Wood's Place, Battle, Sussex.)

BILDAD THE QUILL-DRIVER. By WILLIAM CAINE. (Lane.)

". . . I have seen a Swan."
SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VI., Part iii.*

(Charles Powell, 82, Egerton Road, Withington, Manchester.)

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE.
(Simpkin, Marshall.)

"Much depends on dinner."
BYRON, *Don Juan, Canto VIII.*

(Miss J. Shaw, 65, King's Road, Harrogate.)

THE ROAD TO THE STARS. By F. T. WAWN.
(Eveleigh Nash.)

"The Cow jumped over the moon."
*Nursery Rhyme.*

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, c/o W. J. Stead, "Likoma," Roundhay, Leeds.)

THROWN OVER. By CORONET. (John Long.)

"He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John."
T. HOOD, *Ben Battle.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best commemoration in three four-line stanzas of the British Naval Victory off Jutland is awarded to Evelyn Simms, of Junior House, Roedean School, Brighton, for the following:

THE BATTLE OF HORN REEF.

*What of the fight, O rolling sea, what of the fight?*
O never a better fight was fought in my great history;
For you met their Fleet with the half of yours, and battered them all that night,
And they fled away in the shielding dark—those that were left to flee!

*What of the men, O mighty sea, what of the men?*
Courage and strength incarnate, they—in body and mind and nerve;
For the glory of England's Fleet was left in the hands of her Fleet again,
And her men were true to the splendid Past, and the high ideal they serve.

*What of the dead, O sheltering sea, what of the dead?*
They gave, for the sake of that high ideal, all that they had to give.
Thus is the strength of an Empire won, and thus, when the Night has fled,
In the crowning strength of a world at peace their sacrifice will live.

EVELYN SIMMS.

Many other replies have been received but few that are not very inadequate. We specially commend the three poems by A. Percival Needler (Hull), Ida Hearn (Croydon), Percy B. Farrar (Kilmarnock).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to the Rev. W. J. May, of Wesley Manse, Benwell, Somerset, for the following:

DAVID BLAIZE. By E. F. BENSON.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Everyone who is privileged to make the acquaintance of David Blaize will fall in love with him. He is one of the jolliest, finest characters English fiction has given us for many a day. David is a very human boy; yet has no trace of priggishness or weakness. But Mr. Benson has done much more than write a brilliant character study. David Blaize is a delineation of "what it feels like to be thirteen," and all who have to do with boys in their teens will feel that the reading of "David Blaize" is a fine equipment for their task.

We also select for printing:

ACTION FRONT. By BOYD CABLE. (Smith, Elder.)

"During the night, only patrol and reconnoitring engagements of small consequence are reported." From such texts the author preaches to us War-as-it-is. He breathes life into the dry official lines until we see, with quick inward vision, just what happens in these "reconnoitring engagements," just how an enemy gun is "put out of action by our artillery." They are not sugary stories—this War is made of sterner stuff, but they show us very simply the everyday doings and endurings of our fighting men, and they show us the glorious spirit which alone makes these things possible.

(Cecily Fryer, Bury Hill, Woodbridge, Suffolk.)

From poster of "Far Away Stories," by W. J. Locke (John Lane).

THE RUSSIAN ARTS. By ROSA NEWMARCH.
(Herbert Jenkins.)

Mrs. Newmarch has long been considered an authority on Russian music. In this volume she devotes her knowledge and energies to the capable but little-known group of Russian painters, revealing much of genuine interest to all who are interested in the Russian Revival. Her book is distinctly Slavophilic in tone, but is somewhat narrow in its conception of what constitutes Russian Art. Russian Art is not represented on canvases alone. It has completely permeated national life, and finds expression in ornamented ikons, in mosaic work, in architecture, and even in ordinary domestic utensils. The book breaks entirely new ground.

(W. Curran Reedy, Pangbourne House, 37, Earlham Grove, Forest Gate, Essex.)

AFTERMATH. By MARY E. BOYLE.
(Cambridge: Heffer & Sons.)

This little collection of sonnets "to the memory of a very gallant young soldier, and a great mutual love" is truly a literary gem. The poems are perfect, and, as a sonnet-sequence, form one of the most touching in our language. To read them is to peruse every bereaved heart—as it passes from the lowest depths of despair to the brighter light of hope in a future re-union, and the peace of resignation. All those who have suffered loss will find comfort in this little volume. though it may be gained through the medium of sympathetic tears.

(Irene Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

BOY OF MY HEART. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This one-volume soliloquy written at the moment of expectation from the Front of one who never came because he had "consummated" there "the supreme sacrifice," is pathetic without being mawkish, tender without being foolishly sentimental. The infinite longing of the mother-heart which desires the best for her boy is felt only too plainly, and the delightful little humorous touches with reference to "hot baths," *The Bystander*, and others, add a touch of reality which brings the matter home to the reader. The sincerity of the writer soon vanquished the scepticism with which, I confess, I began the story.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

We specially commend the twenty reviews by Alice Nike (Croydon), N. R. McIntosh (Gosport), H. M. Barrow (Hastings), Fanny Hardy (Forest Hill) Ivan Adair (Dublin), F. Webster (Walworth), Mrs. Charles Hill (Edinburgh), Freda Elwang (Kentucky), C. E. Thompson (Norwich), Sissie Hunter (Chesterfield), Irene F. Armstrong (Falkirk), M. A. Newman (Brighton), A. S. Falkner (Bath), Gladys A. Kaye (Harrogate), Guy Lord (Hull), J. J. Southall (Norwich), M. T. Horton (Amberley), Irene Harrison (London, S.W.), A. H. Baird (Pimlico), E. K. White (Barnes).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestion is awarded to Miss H. Barrow, All Saints Rectory, Hastings.

## KITCHENER'S MARCH.

Not the muffled drums for him
Nor the wailing of the fife—
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men,
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again.

Of his patience, of his calm,
Of his quiet faithfulness,
England, build your hero's cairn!
He was worthy of no less.
Stone by stone, in silence laid,
Singly, surely, let it grow.
He whose living was to serve
Would have had it so.

There's a body drifting down
For the mighty sea to keep,
There's a spirit cannot die
While one heart is left to leap.
In the land he gave his all,
Steel alike to praise and hate.
He has saved the life he spent—
Death has struck too late.

Not the muffled drums for him
Nor the wailing of the fife—
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men!
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again!

A. J. B.

## TENNYSON.*

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

A QUESTION—rather perhaps of the kind which is, or used to be, called in academic and scholastic circles an *aporia*—may present itself at the beginning to the reader of this book; and there is even a stronger probability that something like it will occur to him before or when he reaches the end. It is not only a posthumous book, but one which is, even on the most limited accounts of its author's plan, incomplete. Indeed, from the statement of its editor, Professor Wilbur Cross, "incomplete" is itself an incomplete word for its condition. Professor Lounsbury's method of composition seems (partly owing to physical hindrances with which some people can sympathise pretty vividly) a very elaborate one; and it appears never to have reached its final stage in regard to any part of the present work; while the first and last chapters at least have had to be pieced and patched, and eked considerably. Now the question is: "How far is publication in such a case justifiable"?

We say "in such a case" with very special reference to the character of the book itself. In definitely "original" work—poetry, fiction, the higher essay-writing, etc.—although justification is not to be asserted too absolutely, it is almost always present when the author is great enough, and the work not in mere chaos. Who would wish to be without the fragments of "Adonais," or (to take a sufficiently different example) of Ben Jonson's "Fall of Mortimer," or who would relinquish many an uncompleted novel, from "Marianne" to "Weir of Hermiston"? But in literature of knowledge merely, the case is altered. Things may have been changed in a way that the writer could not, or at any rate did not, know; and expressions may have been left which he would, in probability sometimes coming near certainty, have changed of himself. Of the former predicament there are several examples here, but one especially. It is now, and for some time has been, known that the famous article on Tennyson's early work in the *Quarterly* was Croker's. But Professor Lounsbury apparently did not know this when he wrote, and the consequence is that he not only has an entire chapter on "Lockhart's Review of Tennyson's Second Volume," but in the later part of the book, again and again, refers to the article as "Lockhart," describes the more favourable one on the 1842 poems as "a bitter pill for the editor to swallow," and so continually does injustice and helps to perpetuate error. Of the other type, unadvised expression, a less important instance may be given, less important because it is mere opinion and cannot actually mislead, but still not quite trivial. It is possible that the late Mr. Stopford Brooke may (in a phrase once used by another speaker of another person) have been "praised quite enough," both before and even since his death. But it was positively indecent for Professor Lounsbury during Mr. Stopford Brooke's life and old age to say, after quoting an unfavourable but extremely defensible opinion on the "Poems by Two Brothers," "In the production of foolish criticism no limitations are imposed by age." Yet a third instance of something that the author might—that a wise man certainly would—have cut out, is more amusing than offensive. In referring, without naming its author, to Mr. Lang's book on his *bête noire* Lockhart (whom by the way he is so unlucky as to call "fat-witted"), he speaks of it as "a defence by a brother Scotchman," and (after Johnson) proceeds to remind us that a Scotchman often loves Scotland better than truth and always than enquiry. It is unnecessary to discuss the general truth of the

* "The Life and Times of Tennyson from 1809 to 1859." By Thomas R. Lounsbury. (New Haven: Yale University Press. London: Humphrey Milford.)

*Photo by Histed.*

**W. J. Locke.**

proposition, though the present writer could do so with some knowledge, and complete impartiality. But the application of it in the actual instance must certainly cause some readers to chuckle. It was not precisely as sacrificing truth or research to patriotic affection that his countrymen regarded Andrew Lang.

Although, however, these instances, and not a few others, bring rather forcibly before us the fact that disapproval of half-done work need by no means be confined to the two classes of the proverb, there is undoubtedly much in the book which was worth printing. A great deal in it, indeed, concerns much more the "times" than the life, or, to be correct, the work of Tennyson. We are not told on what scale Professor Lounsbury projected the treatise, except that he meant to take in at least the "Idylls of the King"; and it seems very unlikely that, if he had got so far, he would have stopped there. Moreover, there is strong evidence that, as the work progressed, detailed criticism, of a more or less original kind, would have figured more largely in it. There is little of this on the earliest poems; and indeed we can spare it, for Professor Lounsbury, once in terms, and several times inferentially, proclaims his opinion that the volume of 1830 could not, at the most favourable estimate, have estated Tennyson as "more than a third-rate poet." He is more generous on that of 1832, and still more on those of ten years later; but it is not till "The Princess" that he gives much particular opinion of his own. "In Memoriam," the account of which is but a fragment, would clearly have had much more; "Maud" probably not less; and the "Idylls" might, on Professor Lounsbury's fashion of proceeding, have had a volume. In fact, "the red and raging eye of imagination," to quote a person to whom our author is astonishingly kind, foresees in the completed book a sort of parallel to the author's "Chaucer," a kind of "Tennyson Cyclopædia." As it is, one solid block of more than a hundred pages contains nothing directly concerning Tennyson at all, but an account of the chief poets and writers of just before his time, while his own scanty and hardly more than in one case important contributions to the "Annuals" serve as excuse for an extensive account of that curious and not quite ephemeral growth—nineteen parts weed, to a twentieth of wild-flower—in our literature.

Yet these excursus, and other chapters more closely connected but similar to them in subject, contain on the whole the most valuable part of the book. Professor Lounsbury does indeed seem to be under some delusion as to the necessity of proving that the criticism of the second quarter of the nineteenth century was "in a loomp" bad. There is absolutely no doubt about the fact that between the deaths of Lamb, Hazlitt and Coleridge, and the appearance of George Brimley and Matthew Arnold, the average critic was, for the most part, hopelessly incompetent: while those who were not so were either, like Carlyle and Macaulay, not primarily *literary* critics, or like others, from Wilson and De Quincey downwards, too often untrustworthy crotcheteers. But this fact has been more than once recorded. It has not, however, been supported by such minute examination and quotation as Professor Lounsbury's; and one owes him very sincere thanks for having taken the trouble to explore and "gazetteer," if only in reference to one author, this now distant province of the realm of Dulness. If his raid tempts some brazen-bowelled junior to complete the exploration in reference to Carlyle himself, and Browning and Ruskin and others, why so much the better. But here at least is a solid piece of research in the gruesome void—a *vacuum*, that is to say, of taste and sense and wit, but a *plenum* of ignorance, prejudice, blindness, deafness and the like.

The more original parts of the book are, perhaps rather unfortunately, ushered by a somewhat extravagant encomium of the editor's. "Remarkable qualities as a literary historian" may certainly be assigned to Professor Lounsbury; and he sometimes (especially in parts of an examination of "The Blot i' the 'Scutcheon," which we remember) showed real critical insight. But if "nothing ever displayed better [than this volume] his brilliant wit and humour, and that mastery of style which places him among the foremost prose writers of modern times," one is afraid that some may question the applicability and value of the praise. Professor Lounsbury was not a dull man, and he wrote a good, plain, forcible style. But the nearest approach that we have discovered to "wit and humour" is the phrase "the particular tale of fiction which does duty for the life of St. Agnes"—a jibe at hagiology which can hardly seem very "brilliant," even to those who do not take the *Acta Sanctorum* for gospel. As for "style," a "sale which might be justly called phenomenal" would surely have been more satisfactory to the author, as well as to the critic, if it could have been justly called "real." But "save me from my editors" is a cry which has too often been justified, and which should ever ring in the ears of the virtuous editor himself—even more when he praises than at any other time.

Adopting less dangerous standards, one has no difficulty in endorsing what has been already said, that the book is welcome. Its additions to the knowledge of all but one or two special students must be very large; in fact, it is doubtful whether some of the American criticisms which Professor Lounsbury gives could be found at all in any English library. The points of view are often interesting, as for instance that from which Professor Lounsbury practically starts, and to which he returns again and again—the view that Tennyson's extreme reluctance to let anybody know anything about him was a grave fault, and that it prejudicially affected not merely the satisfaction of other people's curiosity, but even his own life and work. This dislike, so common among English gentlemen, he seems to regard as almost wholly due to a morbid fear of criticism, and he traces in turn to this fear the famous and memorable "Decade of Silence," going on to regret, in a fashion not a little surprising, that silence itself.

One had certainly thought that if there was one point on which the usually discordant and "battailous" voices of criticism were subdued to a cordial agreement, it was this: that the decade of silence was of enormous advantage to Tennyson and to his readers. Professor Lounsbury, on the other hand, thinks this silence a great misfortune; and still more oddly seems to imagine that it somehow lost us a quantity, and prob-

ably a large quantity, of additional work of the best "vintage of '42." He puts it down, as was said, to that unreasonable sensitiveness which also, according to him, occasioned Tennyson's reticence as to personality; and going still further in this eccentric direction, he will not allow to the actual critics of the early years and the interval even the modified credit of having unintentionally contributed to the improvement of the corrected work.

Now all this, we must confess, seems to us one huge and complicated blunder. If the proof of the pudding is in the eating; if the fig-tree is justified of its fruits; what can you ask of a single decade in a poet's life better than the correction of the earlier work and the addition of the later to be found in the volumes published at its close? And what reasonable reason is there for asking more and for assuming that more (besides what we actually know to have been printed much later) could have been given? Survey the work of the next decade, and rather more to "Maud," of the next again, or rather less, to "Enoch Arden"; consider the rate of production of the poets of Tennyson's general class; and only obstinate prejudice can, after such consideration, maintain the view that, in some singular fashion, an abortion of more things like "Ulysses" and the "Morte D'Arthur" took place in the very time when these things were born. No doubt there are vegetables which the oftener you crop them, the better they bear; but we never heard that poets were thus gifted.

**Tennyson, 1859.**

From the painting by G. F. Watts.

The case may not be quite so clear at first sight in regard to the influence of the early unfavourable criticism, inept as it was in itself for the most part; but the result of dispassionate consideration will not, we think, be very different. Professor Lounsbury here tries the "enumerating" method. Tennyson did not alter all the poems, or all the passages that had been found fault with; therefore he paid the fault-finding no attention. The very process sometimes leads to awkward results, as when we find that, while J. S. Mill had censured seventeen pieces in his generally favourable review, six continued to be retained. One cannot help suggesting that in that case eleven had been discarded, and that eleven, on this side of the Atlantic at any rate, is nearly double six. But it is the weakness, not of this or that detail, but of the whole argument, which should be dwelt on. Once more, can any reasonable and unprejudiced creature deny that the early critics, blind as they generally were to beauties, did hit some, nay a great many, faults, and that these were, on the whole, the very faults that Tennyson corrected? Professor Lounsbury seems to have been blinded to the fact by a curious craze of his about Tennyson's "affectation." He will have none of it, and abounds in abuse for every critic who uses the word. Now the present reviewer will "keep the bridge" for Tennyson's merits as a poet against any Astur of them all; but he will not defend untenable bridgeheads. That Tennyson in his first work *was* undoubtedly affected, and that though he cured himself of the worst forms of affectation, there always remained at least some mannerism, no real critic will deny. The reduction of the positive fault to a simple, a not omnipresent and a by no means always disagreeable failing, dates from 1842; and that the earlier attacks served as what used to be called a "corsive" to treat the disease seems undeniable by any one who is not merely maintaining a thesis.

Even these weak places, however, might have been removed, softened, or in other ways made good if Professor Lounsbury had lived to complete, revise, and issue his own work. Still more might he have cut out such hasty sayings as that when Byron is called "rhetorical" it means that he is "not profoundly reflective," a meaning which probably no other soul, dead or alive, has ever attached to the charge. And so the doubt expressed at the beginning of this review must be repeated at the end of it. But it may be also repeated that there is value and interest in the book, and that its merits may compensate its defects in the estimate of any fairly lenient critic.

# New Books.

## GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA AND GENERAL BOTHA.*

At the beginning of the war Germany had not many Colonial possessions. She has less now; in fact the only one that has not yet been wrested from her is German East Africa, with an area of 384,079 square miles and a population of over seven-and-a-half millions. German South-West Africa is almost as extensive, its area being 322,348 square miles, but with a much smaller population, one hundred and twenty thousand. Here the Kaiser was the owner of two farms and of a diamond mine.

When war was declared by England against Germany the Government of the Union of South Africa almost immediately suggested to the Home Government that the Imperial troops might be withdrawn and that it would itself "gladly employ the Defence Force of the Union for the performance of the duties entrusted to the Imperial troops in South Africa." This generous offer was gratefully accepted and the Union was then urged "to seize such part of German South Africa as will give . . . the command of Swakopmund and Lüderitzbucht, and the wireless stations there or in the interior." This it was declared would be "a great and urgent Imperial service." It was added that "any territory must be at the disposal of the Imperial Government for the purpose of an ultimate settlement at the conclusion of the war." The reply was that the ministers "cordially agree to co-operate with the Imperial Government and to assist in sending an expedition for the purpose indicated, the naval part to be undertaken by the Imperial authorities and the military operations to be undertaken by the Union Government." The telegram was signed by the Prime Minister, General Louis Botha.

Such an attitude on the part of the Union must have been most gratifying to the Government that had itself with no little opposition granted self-government to the lately-conquered republics of the Transvaal and Orange Free State. That the Dutch should have identified themselves with the Imperial cause must have been inexplicable to the Germans. "One of them, an officer, observed to a Dutch officer that 'it was strange you Boers should be helping the British who fought against you.' 'Yes,' replied the Burgher, 'it is strange how things turn. I have a relative of German descent who had in his sitting-room a picture of your Field-Marshal Blucher shaking hands with the Duke of Wellington on the field of Waterloo. And now to think of the *Lusitania*!' The German had nothing further to say."

As originally planned there were to be four columns known as "A," "B," "C," and "D." "A" Force, under Brigadier-General Lukin, was to land at Port Nolloth and proceed to Steinkopf, where its base was to be, and attack by way of Raman's drift on the Orange River, the southern boundary of the German territory. "B" Force, under Lieut.-Colonel Maritz, in command, at the outbreak of hostilities, of a training camp at Upington, British Bechuanaland, was also to force the Orange River line at Schuit Drift acting in conjunction with the before-named General. "C" Force, under Colonel Beves, was to land at Lüderitzbucht, and "D" Force, whose commander was Sir Duncan Mackenzie, was to proceed to Walvis Bay and Swakopmund. Forces "A" and "C" took up their positions as ordered, but "B" Force did not come into being on account of the treachery of Maritz. The column under General Mackenzie instead of going to Walvis Bay was landed at Lüderitzbucht and another column took its place. Operations began on September 19th, 1914, with the landing at Lüderitzbucht, and by the first week in May, 1915, the southern part of the country had been conquered. In February General Botha took over command of the Northern Force, and the campaign was over in July. When the nature of the country and the tremendous difficulties overcome are taken into consideration, the successful issue of the Expedition is an outstanding testimony to the skill, energy and loyal co-operation of all concerned in the undertaking.

Messrs. Rayner and O'Shaughnessy, Reuter's war correspondents, have given us a very good general account of the whole campaign. Mr. Robinson's book is more ambitious from a literary point of view. He was a soldier in the force which had its base at Lüderitzbucht, and his account deals chiefly with the incidents of the campaign relating to that town and its immediate neighbourhood. The writer appears to have a keen sense of humour, and is a good descriptive writer, but here and there are to be found grave lapses from literary grace. He is, one would judge, a young man; time and experience in writing should correct some of his transgressions, and in spite of these he is to be congratulated on having produced a very readable and most amusing book.

In his Leslie Stephen Lecture on "Principles of Biography" delivered in the Senate House, Cambridge, on May 13th, 1911, Sir Sidney Lee laid down the principle that no man is fit subject for biography till he is dead, a principle which is too frequently ignored. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that Mr. Harold Spender has done wisely in writing his very welcome sketch of General Botha's career. It will be read with interest by all who take it up and with no little feeling of satisfaction by those who by their votes helped the Liberal party to give responsible government to the people whom, not so very long ago, we were doing our best to kill and who were trying to kill us. It may be safely said that of the Dutch Afrikanders no better upholder of the South African Union could have been chosen than General Botha. He has again and again approved himself as great a statesman as in the field he was a consummate soldier. It is mightily disconcerting to conjecture what might have been the consequence if some other Dutchman had been at the head of affairs at the outbreak of the European War. The Empire is greatly to be congratulated that this wise, honourable, far-seeing and noble man was at that juncture the ruler of the destinies of South Africa. Although a devoted servant of his country he is also, perhaps, no less on that account, a loyal son of the Empire.

In 1899 when war or peace was under discussion he was strongly opposed to the Republic's pitting its strength against the might of England, but was overruled. But on the issue of war no one strove more zealously, persistently or gallantly than he. His greatest achievement was at Colenso when with his 5,000 men he set at naught Buller's 18,000 of the best troops in the world. Colonel Long, that gallant and intrepid artillery officer, whose action on that never-to-be-forgotten day was much criticised, was unknowingly the saviour of the army, for but for his impetuous action in advancing his batteries ahead of the infantry it is quite possible that our crossing of the Tugela would have been unopposed, as was Botha's intention that it should be, and then would have followed for us the inevitable end, for we should—the most of us at any rate—have been simply wiped out. A chance shot from our batteries unnerved some of the Boers and they replied, and this action set the others going and our advance was stopped. Consideration of space prevents a detailed account of this delightful book, but it may be said for the information of our readers that here is a work that will be read from cover to cover with absorbing interest, and one which will leave them full of admiration for a fascinating personality and gratitude to the author. The style is excellent and the slips, of which there are one or two here and there, will not be noticed except perhaps by the close student of the

* "How Botha and Smuts Conquered German South-West Africa." By W. S. Rayner and W. W. O'Shaughnessy. 2s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)—"With Botha's Army." By J. P. Kay Robinson. 3s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)—"General Botha." By Harold Spender. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

South African War or by those whose pride it is to have been present.

It may, perhaps, be helpful to the author to point out that Botha took no part in the battle of Elandslaagte which was fought the day after that of Talana Hill at which he was present as a private soldier or burgher, and that there was really no battle at Dundee other than of Talana. Further, the battle fought outside Ladysmith on October 30th was not that of Rietfontein. The latter engagement took place on October 24th and was fought to protect the wing of the column which on that day was almost at the end of its famous march from Dundee to Ladysmith—a most trying ordeal which will for ever linger in the memories of those who took part in it.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

## BERNARD SHAW AT PLAY.*

Of the three plays in Mr. Bernard Shaw's new volume, "Pygmalion," which is third, really comes in first; the other two are merely among the "also ran." As plays they are what Wordsworth's "Goody Blake" is as poetry and unworthy of their author's genius. "Overruled" is sheer farce, and not even a solemn preface which describes it as a "clinical study" of how polygamy occurs "among quite ordinary people" can make anything else of it. Neither ordinary nor extraordinary persons behave or talk to each other as do Mr. and Mrs. Lunn and Mr. and Mrs. Juno. Characters and dialogue are purely farcical, and as a farce it is an amusing trifle, the humour of which is sometimes badly overstrained; if you follow the directions of the preface and regard it as a study of actual life it is a complete failure because it is completely lacking in verisimilitude.

"Androcles and the Lion," which takes pride of place in the book, is a blend of farce and pantomime, and even as that it is not good. The fun of it seldom rises above facetiousness, and often degenerates into the crudest schoolboy sniggering. What else can you make of Androcles' absurdly exaggerated love of animals, of his rallying from his terror and saying to the lion, "Did um get an awful thorn into um's tootsums-wootsums?" of his waltzing with the lion, of the whole scene in which the Christians are on the way to martyrdom, when, being ordered forward for the lions' dinner, Lavinia calls to the others, "Come along, the rest of the dinner. I shall be the olives and anchovies," and the other Christians, laughing, say, "I shall be the soup," "I shall be the fish," and so on. One needs to be very youthful to see any humour in such cheap jests as that. Yet you have Mr. Shaw writing a preface of over a hundred pages and a footnote of seven more to palm this stuff off as a significant presentation of "one of the Roman persecutions of the early Christians." Frankly, the play is clotted nonsense. There is nothing real about it—not even the humour. Apart from the play, the preface is a brilliant piece of work; it has lapses of taste, but there are profoundly true and suggestive things in it that the most orthodox Christian would be the better for reading.

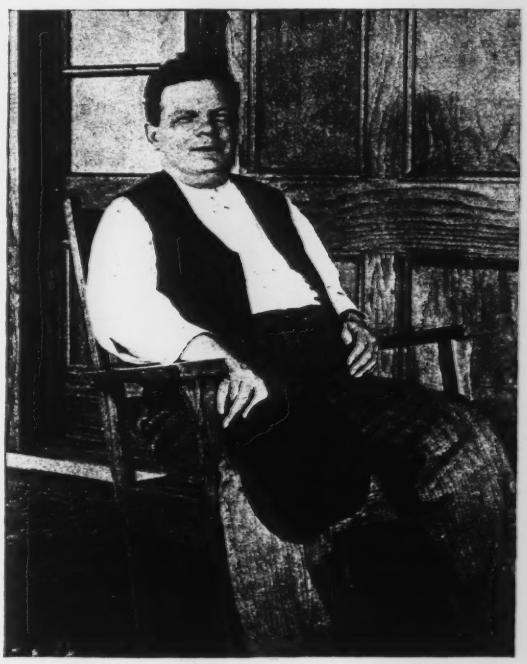
This preface and "Pygmalion" are the salvation of the volume. "Pygmalion" is comedy of the finest and most sparkling Shavian brand. It is interesting to compare the interview between Higgins, Pickering, and Mr. Doolittle in Act 2 with the interview between Mortimer Lightwood, Eugene Wrayburn, and Rogue Riderhood in "Our Mutual Friend." Throughout that scene, in his manner of thought and speech, Doolittle is a reincarnation of Riderhood, even to using some of Riderhood's pet phrases. But that is of no moment; what does matter is that the whole play and all its characters are vigorously alive; story and dialogue breathe the true spirit of comedy, the inevitable problem is such as comedy can carry lightly, and it is nowhere portentously insisted on. You can forget that any problem is involved and read "Pygmalion" for the wit and humour of its dialogue, its shrewd, satirical study of character and the delightful fantasy of its story, and this is as it should be. The obvious parson in a play is as tiresome as a clown in the pulpit. Here, in "Pygmalion," Mr. Shaw shows himself again a master of comedy, a lord of laughter; in "Androcles" and "Overruled" he is only trying to be funny in print after the fashion of the lion *comique* who paints his nose and wears a battered hat before the footlights. Probably he was himself conscious of this, and that is why he has bolstered up the other two with long and pretentious prefaces, but was not afraid to send "Pygmalion" forth with one of the shortest prefaces he has ever written.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

* "Androcles and the Lion"; "Overruled"; "Pygmalion." By Bernard Shaw. 6s. (Constable.)

## BRAIN AND WINGS.*

The whimsical modesty that dictates the title of Mr. Mason's book is the quality that makes him print his rhymes as prose. He is like Mark Antony—a plain, blunt man, who "only speaks right on." He takes the facts and lessons of every-day life and puts them to the reader in a style of verse that has had no superior in the art of simplicity since Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," or Watts's hymns. Where, then, lies their freshness and their charm? It cannot be in the deft use of Americanisms alone, though here Mr. Mason compares with the best masters in this line—Lowell and Bret Harte and Mark Twain. It lies much deeper than the axiomatic faculty or the clever use of slang. "Slang," as a matter of fact, is being recognised as it never was before, and we are having to revise our definitions. But those who study Western dialect have long perceived that the best of it is not the element of Hibernianism as Mr. Dooley uses it, or Teutonism as we find it in Breitmann, but a transmutation, sometimes merely a transfer, of old English terms which, to our discredit, we have let go out of use. But Mr. Mason is not content to go about the surface, picking up tarnished jewels of discarded folk-speech, and polishing them up again. He goes much deeper; he quarries for himself in



**Walt Mason.**

* "Horse Sense." By Walt Mason. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

the homely wisdom that underlies it all, and this is the secret of his shrewd mother-wit. The fact that he has perfected himself in the rudimental metres that he uses is a minor matter; the main thing is that he sticks to his broad and convincing message, and hammers home the elemental virtues, prudence, contentment, honesty, duty, and the rest of it. Where he excels especially is in clothing the gaunt didactic purpose with a fancy that reminds us of Æsop, and a subtle humour worthy of "Uncle Remus." No wonder his "pomes" are syndicated and used by more than two hundred American papers; no wonder his peculiar gifts have been proclaimed not only by compatriots like Howells and Roosevelt, but also by Mr. Masefield and Sir Conan Doyle. Here, though it seems like taking two bites at a cherry, is the beginning and the end of one of his pieces, one likely to appeal to readers everywhere:

"In the spring the joyous husband hangs the carpet on the line, and assaults it with a horsewhip till its colours fairly shine; and the dust that rises from it fills the alley and the court, and he murmurs 'twixt his sneezes: 'This is surely splendid sport!' . . .

"In the spring the model husband carries furniture outdoors, and he gaily helps the women when they want to paint the floors; and he blithely eats his supper sitting on the cellar stairs, for he knows his wife has varnished all the tables and the chairs. . . .

"In the spring this sort of husband may be found—there's one in Spain, there is one in South Dakota and another one in Maine."

In the States Mr. Mason has published half-a-dozen volumes of these inimitable things, and we hope it will be possible to give us more of them over here, and especially a selection of the ringing war verses in which he has kept the Allied cause alive in parts of the States where indifference or worse would otherwise have reigned. Until then let us heartily commend this handy and refreshing little book. To carry it in the pocket and take it in frequent doses is to possess a sovereign tonic for heart and brain. What's more, it is the very thing for our best friend, Thomas, in the trenches.

J. P. C.

## SIR HENRY LUCY'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

No other journalist of our day, not even the late Mr. G. W. Smalley, has seen so much of the inside of politics and society as Sir Henry Lucy; and for the task of writing reminiscences none has a more delightful pen. This is the third volume. Sir Henry says it is "positively the last." For his positiveness we are sorry.

He writes here of Ireland and Home Rule; of trips at sea; of men and manners in the Lords and Commons; of Mr. Punch's young men (whatever their ages they are ever youthful), from Thackeray and Charles Keene to Du Maurier and Sambourne; of captains in the Boer War; of great theatrical hosts like Irving; of poets like Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne; of painters like Holl and Leighton and Millais. There is no repetition in the volume. Everything is fresh, intimate, and sparkling; and as for anecdotes, they are as plentiful and racy as ever.

There is one of Lord Kitchener which seems entirely characteristic. Among Irving's guests at the Beefsteak Club one night was Neufeld, who had spent twelve years in captivity at Khartoum, and was released by Kitchener in 1898.

"I asked him what were the first English words he heard spoken in his captivity. 'It was,' he said, 'the Sirdar, Lord Kitchener, who, coming in to see me after the battle of Omdurman, said, "Well, are you all right?"'"

It is as good as Stanley's historic greeting: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

Sir Henry Lucy met Blowitz, when in 1892 that potent journalist was for a week the social lion of London.

"He has learned English lately and talks it with fluency, if not always with precision. There is a charming story told of his greeting to his host and hostess when he visited Bearwood on his arrival in England.

"'And are you well off, Mr. Walter?' he asked, anxious for the state of his host's health. 'Ah, and there is Madame. She is well off too, I can see.'"

But nothing is better than Sir Henry's story of his total discomfiture by Mr. Lloyd George. The catch-word of the day was the Chancellor's formula, "You give me fourpence and I return you ninepence." Mr. George was Sir Henry's guest at luncheon, and the host saw the chance of a deal. Taking fourpence from his pocket, he passed the coppers across the table with the remark: "Now, my dear Chancellor, there's my fourpence. Hand over your ninepence." Mr. George quietly pocketed the coppers, and tried to turn the conversation. "That," said Lord Londonderry, "is an excellent and accurate illustration of the working of the Chancellor's scheme of National Insurance." The stream of benefactions, replied the Chancellor, with a twinkling eye, would not begin to flow till some months later. Sir Henry said he would call in due time on Mr. Lloyd George and demand his ninepence.

"'Very well,' said the implacable Chancellor, 'but you'll have to be brought to the door in an ambulance with a medical certificate . . . the sole intention of the scheme is to benefit men and women broken down in health.'

"The end of the story is that Lloyd George still holds my fourpence, and I never got his ninepence."

But Sir Henry has dispensed with the ambulance and the medical certificate.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

* "Nearing Jordan: Being the Third and Last Volume of Sixty Years in the Wilderness." By Sir Henry Lucy. With Frontispiece by E. T. Reed. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

## CHILD LOVERS AND OTHER POEMS.*

These poems are chiefly songs of joy tasted, missed, or desired. I think Mr. Davies enjoys the owl though he is thinking about the moon and a skeleton lover. He enjoys the woman "big with laughter," though he does cry

> "Oh God, that I were far from here,
> Or lying fast asleep!"

He enjoys the robin's song as he would those tunes to which he compares it:

> "Those sad tunes
> In homes where grief's not known."

In fact, his sad tunes are of the same kind: or is it that they are not for the fashion of these times and are so clear and simple in their sadness that they may be mistaken for their opposites? It is the same with his anger at the Zeppelin. The thing is out of place:

> "An ugly, boneless thing, all back and belly,
> Among the peaceful stars—that should have been
> A mile deep in the sea, and never seen:
> A big, fat, lazy slug that, even then,
> Killed women, children, and defenceless men."

It is as a spoiler of joy that he hates it, so different from the stars "that never did the earth a moment's harm." The only other reference to war is a verse of "Child-Lovers":

> "Then in a while to a green park they came,
> A captain owned it, and they knew his name;
> And what think you those happy children saw?
> The big, black horse that once was in a war."

He strikes no doubtful, difficult, or mixed notes. Thus he sometimes appears to be Jacobean or thereabouts. But he can be just as plain without a touch of archaism, as in "The Power of Silence":

> "And will she never hold her tongue,
> About that feather in her hat;
> Her scarf, when she has done with that,
> And then the bangle on her wrist;
> And is my silence meant to make
> Her talk the more—the more she's kissed?
>
> At last, with silence matching mine
> She feels the passion deep and strong,
> That fears to trust a timid tongue.
> Say, Love—that draws us close together—
> Isn't she the very life of Death?
> No more of bangle, scarf or feather."

* "Child Lovers and Other Poems." By William H. Davies. 1s. net. (Fifield.)

So, too, in " The Two Children " :

" ' Ah, little boy ! I see
You have a wooden spade.
Into this sand you dig
So deep—for what ? ' I said.
' There's more rich gold,' said he
' Down under where I stand,
Than twenty elephants
Could move across the land.'

' Ah, little girl with wool !
What are you making now ? '
' Some stockings for a bird,
To keep his legs from snow.'
And there those children are,
So happy, small, and proud :
The boy that digs his grave,
The girl that knits her shroud."

Here, I think, perhaps the last two lines are a shade too explicit. If only he could have forced us to think that the boy was digging his grave, without saying so !

Three of his better pieces are a complaint that he has " nothing in his mind to say " though it is May ; a request that wonder should come to him :

" Sweet Wonder, by whose power
We more or less enjoy our years " ;

and this ambition :

" Thinking of my caged birds indoors,
My books, whose music serves my will ;
Which, when I bid them sing, will sing,
And when I sing myself are still ;

And that my scent is drops of ink,
Which, were my song as great as I,
Would sweeten man till he was dust,
And make the world one Araby ;

Thinking how my hot passions make
Strong floods of shallows that run cold—
Oh, how I burn to make my dreams
Lighten and thunder, through the world ! "

If his ambition is to be satisfied it is because we feel so often what he says in " April's Charms " that he can taste joy :

" When I go forth on such a pleasant day,
One breath outdoors takes all my cares away ;
It goes like heavy smoke, when flames take hold
Of wood that's green, and fill a grate with gold."

He fills this grate with gold.

EDWARD THOMAS.

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## THE BESSBOROUGH LETTERS.*

The chief lesson of history seems to be that nobody ever learns any. In one sense everything that happens is unprecedented, and therefore incalculable ; in another sense, everything that happens has happened before, and stands as an example for our reproof or consolation. Some such reflections as these (*quantum valeant*) will occur to every one who, during the great war of 1914–19*xy* reads the present collection of letters touching the great war of 1793–1815. Nothing seems to have changed. The spectators of that great drama learnt nothing from the past or from the eloquent events happening before their eyes ; and we, like them, remain obstinately uninstructed by what was present to them and what is present to us. A few quotations may show this ; but first let us introduce the persons of the comedy.

Lord Granville Leveson Gower (1773–1846), afterwards Earl Granville, is perhaps most remarkable as the person whom the assassin of Mr. Perceval, the Prime Minister, did not kill. Bellingham, a Liverpool merchant, believing that Granville's Russian policy had ruined his business, went to the House of Commons seeking revenge. Encountering Mr. Perceval in the Lobby, Bellingham instantly shot him, either mistaking him for Granville or else believing (like some modern enthusiasts) that a Prime Minister in war time is a proper target for any missiles. But perhaps we are unjust to Bellingham.

Granville was related to half the Peerage ; Henrietta Spencer (1761–1821), Countess of Bessborough, was related to the other half ; and it is their correspondence that gives the present work its chief interest. There are some very dear, earnest and affectionate letters from Granville's mother, and there are a few others from Pitt, Fox and Canning ; but these might all have been omitted with advantage, for the volumes are very long and very large. If they had been limited to the correspondence between Granville and the Countess, and had been called conveniently and briefly " The Bessborough Letters," I think all concerned would have had more reason to rejoice.

Lady Bessborough is a real discovery. A woman of remarkable character, intellect and charm, she attracted a large circle of admirers. Sheridan lost his head about her, and in the extremity of his infatuation descended to peculiarly odious misconduct, and died with a threat that he would pursue her from beyond the grave. The handsome and fickle Granville, who met her at Naples when he was twenty and she was thirty-two, became deeply attached to her and they remained passionate friends till her death at the age of sixty. We can piece out her character and gifts from these sibylline leaves of correspondence ; but we ought to meet her in some high and gallant comedy by Meredith, who alone could do full justice to her own charm and radiance, and to her brilliant circle of admiring nobles, statesmen, ambassadors and generals. He, too, would have dealt movingly with one tragedy of her life, the mad infatuation of her married daughter, Lady Caroline Lamb, for Lord Byron.

Fortunately for the interest of the reader, Lady Bessborough was the contradiction of Lord Granville in opinions. He was always the aristocrat insistent on privilege and prerogative. Writing to his mother in 1792, he is all for the loftiest measures against the French Revolutionists. " The authority of the King must be perfectly re-established, and any liberty the people may afterwards possess should be considered as coming from his indulgence." It is hard to think that any sane person could ever have held seriously such an opinion in such times. The combination of Austria and Prussia against the French constitution, and the insolent, atrocious and very German Declaration of the Duke of Brunswick that he would kill without quarter any prisoners wearing the uniform of the National Guard, were hailed as master-strokes of right

**The Children of Earl Gower.**

From the mezzotint after George Romney.

From " Lord Granville Leveson Gower : Private Correspondence, 1781–1821." (John Murray.)

* " Lord Granville Leveson Gower : Private Correspondence, 1781–1821." Edited by his Daughter-in-Law, Castalia Countess Granville. 2 vols. 32s. net. (Murray.)

and dignity; but the desperate reply of the infant Republic—the resistance at Longwy and Verdun and the triumph at Valmy—suggested a doubt in the Granvillian mind that the Brunswick manifesto was perhaps impolitic. And with the example of France before their eyes, Granville and his mother agree that any concession of civil liberty made to the people of England would be a crime and a disaster! So to this very day we go on believing that the only remedy for evils produced by repression is still more repression.

Lady Bessborough dared to hold more liberal opinions. She made fun of Granville's blue-blooded haughtiness:

"You cannot bear Lord Granville Leveson Gower being treated exactly the same as Captain Thomson or Johnson, who have only long services, and perhaps the loss of health and limbs to plead for notice."

And writing later, when he had seen something of France, she says:

"I am glad you have found out that republican hands can cultivate the Land, and that a state may flourish even without a despotic Monarchy to govern it."

Even more apposite to affairs of to-day are her views on the Irish rebellion of 1798:

"As an Englishwoman and as an interested person I must rejoice at Ireland's being subdued; but had I been an Irishwoman and proud of my Country, I should possibly have thought a struggle for independence more glorious than submission, as I should do were I a Swiss. . . . As long as we treated and spoke of Ireland as a conquered Country, we left them the right of treating us like conquerors—that is, watching every opportunity of throwing off the yoke."

Another letter of Lady Bessborough's touches very acutely on difficulties that we thought peculiar to these times:

"What frightens me is that both Governments here and abroad seem to set themselves against receiving unpleasant intelligence and only to give credit to what they like, which is helping to deceive themselves. They do not, either, I think, prepare enough for the disadvantage of fighting under various Leaders of different Countries, with often jarring interests to adjust, against one Leader who has the peculiar talent of knowing human Nature and how to animate his Soldiers, and has no one to consult but himself, and with supreme power to put his plans into execution."

One more quotation:

"War has relapsed into all the savageness of old times without the bright honour and brilliant courage that used to make one overlook its cruelty."

The date of that is 1805!

Specially interesting are the letters from Paris after the Peace of Amiens describing the conversation of Napoleon's generals and their reminiscences of the Revolution. But the volumes do not deal wholly with war. You may read of an English duke who, apparently, had not washed his face for two months, and of an English Prime Minister who was heard by a member (momentarily disturbed in his sleep) to utter a sentence beginning "For as this is that which was said to——" The member turned over to sleep out the rest. Canning will give the anxious reader a full recipe for preparing a maiden speech, and the "Infant Roscius" will enact his short-lived triumphs all over again. By the way, it is interesting to recall that the fullest activity prevailed at the theatres in the year when the invasion of England was hourly expected.

The reader will have gathered that these volumes have an unusual interest for their own sake and a double interest for their unconscious commentary on the present times. They are, in fact, the most important and attractive collection of documents issued for many years, and they reveal, in Lady Bessborough, a new and fascinating character. The notes need some reconsideration. There is a great deal of unnecessary repetition and some rather questionable omissions. Has Monk Lewis so entirely lost his historical interest that a note on the once popular "Castle Spectre" is denied us? A note should certainly be added to the passage where Granville says, in 1797: "There is a new weekly paper coming out which I think My Father would like to take in. The Prospectus of it is very well done. Perhaps one has been sent to My Father. I am sure he would approve of its professions and its objects." The reference is plainly to the *Anti-Jacobin*, the issue of which began in November, 1797. And surely such forms as "Kutusow" and "Suwarrow" ought not to appear in modern notes, however tolerable they may be in ancient texts. But these are trifles. They do not really injure a work of unusual interest and permanent value—issued, appropriately, by the historic house of Murray.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

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## THE GOLDEN MEAN.*

It seems to me that none of these four books is really in the first class. They are all alike mediocre. And yet, you know, one might say that it is rather a splendid mediocrity, after all. Indeed, I doubt if at any time in the history of the novel there has been such a high level of general excellence, general mastery of technique, and good craftsmanship.

This first book on my list, "Fondie," may be taken as a typical example of the sort of well-conceived and well-written novel I mean: the sort that floods the libraries and bookshops, and is read and enjoyed and then discarded and forgotten—to be picked up again, perhaps, a year or two hence, and re-read and enjoyed again. Mr. Edward Booth is an accredited favourite who has already won a widespread popularity in his three former books, and deservedly. He has a fine sense of character and a fine sense of humour: two attributes lacking which no writer of a novel of manners can hope to attain success. He has, moreover, a piquant, ambling style, which is diffuse without being obscure, and somehow suggests the leisurely progress of a broad, placid stream meandering through lush meadows and dim woods . . . until gradually it begins to bubble and froth as it approaches the rapids, and at last the crashing waterfall, when suddenly its lazy, soft charm, its murmurous musical trickle, is quickened to a rending uproar of tragedy. The publishers of this book claim that the work of Mr. Booth will bear comparison with that of Thomas Hardy; and certainly, in so far as he has given us in "Fondie" a real woman, they are justified. And Blanche Bellwood is not only a real woman, but a real woman of a type that I do not remember to have seen presented in just this guise, with just this masterliness, in any other book of recent times. Blanche would be a feather in the cap of any author; even Meredith never dealt more faithfully with the eternal feminine. And Fondie himself, who belongs to that best type of man which is more than half woman and yet all the more manly for that—as poor Blanche, who is more than half man, is all the more womanly—Fondie is not less in the picture, not less a figment of fancy recognisably human. I have no space in which to dilate upon the skill which Mr. Booth displays in the envisaging of his background and in the delineation of his minor characters. I can only send the reader to this book in the sure conviction that he will thank me for my recommendation.

"Helen In Love" is also mainly a study of a woman—by a woman, I should say—extraordinarily clever and penetrative. Her development is traced from girlhood to womanhood, and though the style has an effect of leisureliness, it leaves you breathless in the wake of the narrative by reason of the rapidity with which each fresh intorsion of the feminine mind uncoils itself, revealing new facets of character. Nothing much happens. The interest of the book does not depend upon incident—as incident is commonly misunderstood—but upon the truth and power of its psychology and its profound insight into

* "Fondie." By Edward C. Booth. 6s. (Duckworth.)—"Helen in Love." By Amber Reeves. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)—"Irreconcilables." By Elizabeth Hart. 6s. (Melrose.)—"Captain Calamity." By Rolf Bennett. 2s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

human nature. The men are, perhaps, a little less successful than the women, but from beginning to end there is never a single dummy to obstruct the view or destroy the illusion. And the dialogue is particularly brilliant; not with any meretricious brilliance of glittering epigram, but with that more sober and sustained brilliance of the sun which, playing upon leaping flames, first dims and finally extinguishes them. This is the kind of novel to which we can pay no higher tribute than to say that one cannot be said to have really read it until one has read it at least twice.

As I write it would almost seem that we are within measurable distance of at last solving the Irish problem, or at least of arriving at some equitable compromise, which lends an added interest to "Irreconcilables": a truly wonderful and comprehensive study of contrasted and divergent Irish types such as could only have been achieved by one who has lived long in Ireland in the closest possible intimacy with its people. And as this book was written before the recent Irish rebellion had been even dimly glimpsed by the average Englishman, it sounds a note of prophecy. Not that it is in any sense political or polemical. The author's standpoint is wholly detached and impersonal; nowhere does she betray her sympathies. She is content merely to show us something of the warring elements that have made our sister isle "distressful," and incidentally to portray for our delight a number of people, unmistakably true to type, whom we are bound to accept as of our own flesh and blood. A most original and intriguing book that no one who would be abreast of the best modern literature should overlook.

And last of all, perhaps best of all, "Captain Calamity." I do not claim to be able to judge of the authenticity of its detail: I have little knowledge of the kind of ship that Captain Calamity commands, or the kind of ship he fights. But I do know that in his portrayal of this dour skipper, Mr. Rolf Bennett has achieved supremely. I have never met, either in a book or on the quarter-deck, a sea-captain more alive than this aristocratic adventurer turned privateer. I have never met, ashore or afloat, any group of seamen more real than these seamen. They are quite right. They exude vitality as the musk exudes its own peculiar odour. There is not one of them that is not palpitant with the breath of life. And then there is also a woman, Dora Fletcher: the most unconventional heroine I have encountered for a long time. If you don't make her acquaintance, and that speedily, you may as well never have learned to read. I don't want to overload this book with praise: it is not a great book; but in addition to its other virtues it has the virtue of a high spirit of adventure; it is aglow and aflame with excitement. The very text, the very form and colour of its phrasing, holds you perpetually in suspense, almost in dread of what is next to happen. And never does the next happening disappoint you. In this book Mr. Rolf Bennett has done a thing that I think has never been quite so well done since the spacious days of Stevenson.

Edwin Pugh.

## W. B. YEATS.*

No contemporary author attained to the classical position quite so soon as did Mr. Yeats. Other poets of his day have been more popular, Stephen Phillips and, perhaps, William Watson; others have aroused more violent enthusiasm, for instance Francis Thompson and Rudyard Kipling; but no living writer, with the possible exception of Robert Bridges, is so definitely recognised by critical opinion as a poet of assured and inalienable position and quality. And Mr. Yeats has deserved this. Dramatist, critic, play-producer, occultist, controversialist, he is primarily a poet; he is a "professional" poet in the same sense as are Milton and Browning. He is one of the artists who compel almost any intelligent person to see that art, as a form of labour, is as serious and vital as ploughing or fishing; and as a method of human expression, as fundamental and essential—nay, more essential—as kingcraft or priestcraft. He and his work are a perpetual and effective protest against the idea that poetry and drawing-rooms have any connection: a protest against the tradition which separates art from common, ordinary life.

Mr. Hone's book is the most satisfactory I have read about Mr. Yeats. It treats its subject a little too much *sub specie temporis hodierni*; but it is evident that Mr. Hone's object was to write an informative rather than an appreciative essay. His early pages on Mr. Yeats' ancestry, on his horoscope, on his father's influence are full of interest to the student of poets' lives. One is struck again with the resemblance between Mr. Yeats' life and Browning's. His avid interest in other things, painting, music, occultism, Irish nationalism, the theatre, all show a character more many-sided, more open to impressions and to new thought than is usual among pure poets. Shelley and Browning share Mr. Yeats' capacity for life, while Tennyson and Swinburne are examples of the other kinds of poet—the poet who, outside his art, is rather below than above the intellectual standards of his contemporary workers. Mr. Yeats could never have become so stupid about politics as did Tennyson and Swinburne; and his critical interest, lively and helpful, in the work of younger men is worlds apart in spirit from the rather heavy smile of episcopal benediction so frequently bestowed by men of "established reputation" on the efforts of their younger fellow-workers.

Mr. Hone does not seem to me to be sufficiently enthusiastic over the amazing work done by Mr. Yeats in his revival of the Irish drama. It is true that he had great help and great helpers; but no one who knows him, or heard him talk of his schemes when they were still castles in London, could doubt for a moment that Mr. Yeats was as much the creator as he was the nourisher of the Irish National Theatre. His genius for the theatre, his strong sense of the poetically and dramatically, as opposed to the theatrically, effective, made a new standard not only for Dublin, but for London. As in his other work he trusted Beauty's power: and the people loved beauty, as the people will always love anything put into their care generously and whole-heartedly, instead of doled out as a kind of spiritual tonic.

About Mr. Yeats' own plays it is difficult to speak positively. Their quality as verse is, like all Mr. Yeats' mature work, superbly first-rate. No names lesser than Milton, Blake, Shelley or Browning ever come to the mind in discussing the craftsmanship, the poetical quality of his line. But the play, except the short play, does not show Mr. Yeats at his best; there seems, except indeed in "Cathleen-ni-Hoolihan" and "The Green Helmet," a certain irrelevance between the form and the matter. This is less true of "The Countess Kathleen" than of any of the ambitious plays: and that does remain infinitely the best verse-play in English written since the death of Shelley; and nothing written since has approached it for beauty and competence. In approaching the lyrical work, who can restrain enthusiasm at the mere memory of "The Folly of Being Comforted," of "When You Are Old," or of such lines as those which end "Adam's Curse":

> "We sat grown quiet at the name of love;
> We saw the last embers of daylight die,
> And in the trembling blue-green of the sky
> A moon, worn as if it had been a shell
> Washed by time's waters as they rose and fell
> About the stars and broke in days and years."

Mr. Yeats introduced a new kind of verbal magic, a new fascination of style, a fresh exultation of manner as surely as any other great poet. He marks the beginning of a new kind of English as definitely as Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Coleridge or Keats. His power of arranging common words so perfectly that the very letters seem newly-minted is as great as his power of combining strange words into a fashion magically wonderful. The

* "William Butler Yeats." By J. M. Hone. 2s. 6d. net. (Maunsel & Co.)

intense interior beauty of "The Wind among the Reeds," the vehement quiet of their flame, the intolerable glow at their heart have no parallel save in Blake or Shelley. Beside Mr. Yeats' love poems Keats' are too physical, Patmore's too intellectual; even Browning's suffer a little from that strange Victorian plague of apology. Mr. Yeats states no case, makes no plea, deigns no argument; absorbed, passionate, enclosed, he prays and praises the divine beauty, and his vision through the beloved . . . and those who will, may overhear. His reserve and reticence, his deep dislike of slovenly, turgid speech, give his verse an astonishing clearness and strength of outline.

Those who find Mr. Yeats' lyrical poetry too hard are, I think, generally people who are undisciplined by the luscious slackness of modern poetry. After the hot and feverish exuberance of Swinburne, and the closer, more troubled and even less bracing atmosphere of the decadents, Mr. Yeats' poetry needs some degree of asceticism for its full appreciation. What he has missed of admiration he has missed because he is too good. His very exuberances seem too visionary to the reviewer or the reader whose intimacy with Milton or Shelley is confined to the occasional dipping into anthologies and the collecting of new editions. But if you remove from your mind all thought of any poets save the greatest, you will get into a mood ready for the reception of the poetry of this one modern who is indubitably master.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

## THE PATIENT STREAM.*

In spite of wars and rumours of wars, in spite of the increased cost of book production and all the other troubles of the time, the stream of new verse continues to flow patiently from the press in undiminished volume. If any other proof were needed of the proverbial serenity of the English temper, surely that proof might be found in the calm persistency with which even in these days of unprecedented convulsion, the minor poets still find their way to the reviewer's table.

Here are four of the latest comers. The one which, by its very size, commands first attention is Mr. Philip Little's thick quarto volume. It is, however, the most disappointing of the quartet. The world, it is said, takes us at our own valuation; and, if we are unable to take Mr. Little very seriously, the fault is his own. "The aim," he says, "that all we poets have in writing is of pleasing ourselves, which is the object each one has when he is sneezing." Well, I know there are all kinds of modern theories both of physiology and of poetry, but, being a very old-fashioned sort of person, I still retain the conviction that people sneeze, not because they like it, but because they cannot help it. That, too, I have always believed, is the reason why people write poetry; nor has anything in Mr. Little's two hundred closely-packed pages persuaded me to the contrary. Mr. Little touches on many subjects, and shows often enough a gift of fluent and pleasant versifying. He has written to please himself, and he would seem to have enjoyed himself thoroughly. But only those who write because they cannot help it produce poetry.

Mr. Theodore Maynard's volume has an Introduction by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, which is typically Chestertonian in that it deals with many other things than Mr. Maynard's poetry. Mr. Chesterton has evidently wielded a great influence over Mr. Maynard, for not only is the book dedicated to Mr. Chesterton, but Mr. Chesterton's is the spirit that breathes through all these pages. This is not to say that the author is a mere imitator. He has, indeed, very real gifts of his own—gifts of genuine mysticism, of imagination and humour, and sometimes (best of all) of clear and dignified austerity. But who would not detect Mr. Chesterton in this "Song of Colours?"

"Gold for the crown of Mary,
Blue for the sea and sky,
Green for the woods and meadows
Where small white daisies lie,
And red for the colour of Christ's blood
When He came on the cross to die.

These things the high God gave us
And left in the world He made—
Gold for the hilt's enrichment,
And blue for the sword's good blade,
And red for the roses a youth may set
On the white brows of a maid . . ."

It is pleasant to welcome a new collection of "Oxford Poetry," and we hope the success of this venture has already been sufficient to ensure its regular appearance as an annual. Not only is such an anthology particularly interesting to the reader, but it must serve the additional good purpose of encouraging the writing and the love of poetry among the generations to be. Both the quantity and the quality of work produced by the young men and women of Oxford is remarkable. The volume is full of good things, and many of them deserve quotation. But the small space at our disposal must be reserved for a few verses of Mr. H. C. Harwood's "From The Youth of All Nations," which is a poem of considerable originality and power:

"Think not, my elders, to rejoice
When from the nations' wreck we rise,
With a new thunder in our voice,
And a new lightning in our eyes.

The sins of many centuries,
Sealed by your indolence and fright,
Have earned us these our agonies,
The thunderous appalling night.

Though scattered wider yet our youth
On every sea and continent,
There shall come bitter with the truth
A fraction of the sons you sent.

When slowly with averted head,
Some darkly, some with halting feet
And bowed with mourning for our dead
We walk the cheering, fluttering street.

A music terrible, austere,
Shall rise from our returning ranks
To change your merriment to fear,
And slay upon your lips your thanks. . . ."

But alas! for those who will never return to "walk the cheering, fluttering street." Among their number is the author of our fourth volume. An anonymous Introduction gives a few details of the life and character of Robert Sterling, who, having made many friends at Sedbergh and Oxford, and having shown rich promise both in scholarship and literature, fell last year upon the bloody field of Ypres at the age of twenty-two. This little book of his will be treasured by all who knew him, and deserves, on its own merits, the attention of a far wider public. His work, much of which deals with his school and Oxford life, is chaste and simple and strong, and displays a fine spiritual sensibility rather than gifts of high imagination. But most readers will find it difficult to concentrate upon the poetry itself. They will be perpetually turning back to the beautiful frontispiece portrait of this young officer, and pondering afresh for themselves the mysteries of death and human sorrow.

GILBERT THOMAS.

* "Thermopylæ and other Poems." By Philip Francis Little. 5s. net. (John Long.)—"Laughs and Whifts of Song." By Theodore Maynard. 1s. net. (Erskine MacDonald.)—"Oxford Poetry, 1915." Edited by G. D. H. C. and T. W. E. 2s. 6d. and 1s. net. (Blackwell.)—"The Poems of Robert W. Sterling." 2s. 6d. net. (Humphrey Milford.)

# Novel Notes.

**THE BYWONNER.** By F. E. Mills Young. 6s. (John Lane.)

In "The Bywonner" Miss Mills Young has once again turned to brilliant account her intimate knowledge of South African life. Ransom, the Bywonner, is a distressing type of character in the degraded Englishman reduced almost to the level of a Kaffir labourer. Fortunately, the interest of the story does not depend mainly on this sordid but not unlikeable character. Ransom's son and daughter retain the pride of their ancestry, and the son wins through triumphantly to an honourable name and a happy marriage. The love story of Tom Ransom and May Richardson is a charming idyll that turns the balance of the sombre features of the novel. The daughter, Adela, is the truly tragic figure in this powerful story. Her beauty and her pride and the meanness of her environment make her an easy victim to the plausible tempter, and the doom which she made no effort to avoid awakened too late the lost honour of the Bywonner. The character drawing is uniformly excellent. The Conradie family is a very cleverly drawn portrait gallery of Cape Dutch life, and Zirk is something of a masterpiece. Love turns the lout into a hero, a phlegmatic, loutish hero, whose passion finally sinks into stolid resignation to fate. Miss Mills Young writes with ease and distinction, and all of her characters live. In all the things that distinguish professional from amateur writing, the experienced skill of Miss Mills Young is obvious. The local colour is convincing but never overdone, and the characterisation never prompts a misgiving of its truth. The book is excellently written and will enhance Miss Mills Young's reputation for sound and scholarly work. She wisely and resolutely keeps within the limits of her first-hand observation and knowledge, and the result is a real accession to contemporary fiction.

**THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.** By John Foster. 6s. (Chambers.)

Mr. Foster has achieved the unusual. He has touched hackneyed ground, and escaped its perils. For here there is no trace of the expected and the hackneyed. This is a romance of the 'Forty-Five—a difficult period to deal with after Scott and Stevenson. If Mr. Foster's story is not of the first water it makes a good approach thereto. From beginning to end it is a living and enthralling record, answering to the best of all tests—a reviewer's inability to lay down the pleasant pages. Historically, the tale is true to fact; and its geographical setting displays a carefulness in which the modern novelist does not always shine. There are striking and memorable passages, sparkling episodes, playful flashes, and a due allotment of hairbreadth escapes, as was to be expected in a chronicle of Jacobite doings. Edmund Layton is a delightful figure, and his adventurous ride from the Solway to the Moray seaboard was certainly worth telling. If this is a first novel it is uncommonly admirable. But its author will do better work still, and the public will be sure to welcome it.

**THE WISER FOLLY.** By Leslie Moore. 6s. (Putnam.)

Somewhat superficial is this tale built round the old plot of a lost document. In the seventeenth century the eldest Delancey of Castle Delancey, a card playing, drinking fellow, not above doing a bit of cheating if it happened that the luck was going against him, killed in a duel a man whom he had swindled at the card table. Sir Anthony agreed to smuggle him out of the country if he signed a paper renouncing all claim on the property. This he does, but when his younger brother is owner, Henry turns up and claims the estate for his heirs. The dispute ends in Henry shooting Anthony with the idea of getting the document back. But Anthony's wolf-hound tears out Henry's throat and when they are discovered the paper has vanished. How it comes to light again when the estate is in peril, and how Lady Mary conceals the fact from the generous claimant are prettily described. The object of the book is to show the value of faith and to demonstrate that there is a folly which is very wise.

**Miss Margaret Peterson.**

**BUTTERFLY WINGS.** By Margaret Peterson. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

"Fate gives to some women a soul with butterfly wings. And she comes among men, and they tear all the beauty to pieces." Peggy Waring was such a woman, pretty, vivacious, alluring, and as unstable as thistledown. Her butterfly nature prompted her to marry Ralph Vernon when her whole being cried out for Billy Diggot, the shy, nervous, blundering playmate of her childhood. Sorely wounded Billy breaks with the old life and turns to journalism, where early in his precarious career he meets Stella Dearing, a girl artist. Stella is good but unconventional, and when, after they have tasted success together, she finds she loves Billy she frankly tells him so. Billy does not love her, but pretends to do so in order not to hurt his little chum. Meantime Vernon has turned out a brute, and Peggy leaves him to throw herself upon Billy. When she discovers that he is sharing apartments with Stella tragedy dawns. But the war straightens out these complications, and the conclusion of a well-written story leaves Bill with a Peggy chastened by worldly experience and grief.

**BROWNIE.** By Agnes Gordon Lennox. 6s. (John Lane.)

The sentimental adventures of Brunhilda Courtney, otherwise Brownie, are told with a good deal of verve, but the novel would be all the better if the author had exercised a little more restraint. She makes the mistake of telling too much about Brownie; the things unessential to a right grasp of character are not eschewed as they should be. The man she marries wins her affection by rescuing her from a somewhat impossible scoundrel, who turns up again and again rather inconsequently. After she becomes the wife of Captain Roger Meade, Brownie's adventures grow fast and furious, and the "other man,"—

a certain colonel—a well realised character—plays a vigorous part. As is frequently the case with the work of a young novelist, the author is most successful with one or another of the subsidiary characters. For instance, there is a woman called Patricia—one of Brownie's friends, who disarms criticism by her charming naturalness. She does not help the plot very much, and yet she commands attention altogether out of proportion to her usefulness in the story. To use the old cliché, "Brownie" is like the curate's egg, good in parts.

**A GREAT SUCCESS.** By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

I can imagine Mrs. Humphry Ward sitting down to write a happy little story *not* about the war, and she has succeded. Yet after reading her last book, "A Great Success," one is left wondering whether for so able an authoress it was quite worth while. Mrs. Humphry Ward is the latest convert to the short-story novel. The short book is a war-time innovation and a very welcome one, since novels of uniform length are apt to grow monotonous. In "A Great Success," the few characters are sharply drawn, and an effect is gained with the fewest possible words. Success comes to Arthur Meadows, and he and his artist wife Doris exchange their happy poverty-loving, debt-pestered days, for Fame, and the friendship of a very great and tyrannical lady with all its attendant troubles and responsibilities. For a time Meadows is completely swayed by Lady Dunstable, whom Doris dislikes with all a woman's thoroughness. This little artist wife is a wholly lovable character, combining with womanliness much piquant charm, since she is not always sweet-tempered, nor by any means a stranger to the little green demon. However, swayed in the same direction both by jealousy and the kindness of her heart—by the way one wonders what would have happened had these two not inconsiderable forces opposed one another—Doris succeeds in winning a victory over Lady Dunstable, bringing Arthur back to her feet, and thus achieving a great success. There is not a superfluous word or character in the book. It is a simple story, well and pleasantly told.

**THE EDGE OF EMPIRE.** By Joan Sutherland. 6s. (Mills Boon.)

This novel of India and England is good reading. It has colour, vivacity, and grip. The story centres round the trouble at Chitral in 1905, and moves between the grim realities of a rising on the Indian frontier, where the men are standing steady for the Empire, and the doings of their womenkind in the West. Lewis Chindon is a woman's hero, but he is also a man's. The whole business of the Chitral *émeute* is told with perfect mastery, and an air of vraisemblance or touching in of detail, which persuades one of the truth of it. It is just such a tale as many men might give the air of life to, but very few women. The whole book has a cosmopolitan woman-of-the-world air. At home it moves easily between the English country, London and Paris. The characters are delineated with distinction. The Laval family is particularly charming—all excepting Victor—and well described. Grizel makes a delightful heroine. The little girl, Dinne, is excellently observed and described. With a great many characters Joan Sutherland holds the threads clear and defined, so that the reader is never for a moment confused. There is something masterly in the delineation of a wayward and selfish woman. We are spared no single manifestation of her worthlessness; and yet—was the author sorry after all that she made Grizel so tolerant of Henriette? The book is a very long one, the interest is unflagging, and the issues of it, unlike many novels, are not out of keeping with the lofty air of to-day.

**RICHES AND HONOUR.** By W. H. Adams. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Those who want to get an idea of the kind of life which is passed by a Commissioner and his wife on the West Coast of Africa should by no means overlook Mr. W. H. Adams's new book "Riches and Honour." As fiction, it is not considerable. There is no plot, there is no sentimental interest, there is no interaction of character on character. And the story when it comes, merely tells how the Commissioner runs to earth a slave-raiding chief whom a Captain of a Hausa regiment ought to have tackled, but failed to tackle because he was brooding over an inheritance to which he had succeeded. But "Riches and Honour" is a work which undoubtedly has points in its favour. It gives an excellent and obviously first-hand account of unfamiliar native customs and conventions. And it portrays with admirable vividness the way in which these customs and conventions strike three very different types of white man, Ward, the Commissioner, who is interested and even sympathetic up to a point, Captain Tarleton, the soldier, who is fiercely and contemptuously hostile, and a middle-aged Belgian trader, yearning to get back to his native country, who is good-naturedly indifferent. These three men are very cleverly contrasted: before the reader closes the book he gets to know them thoroughly.

**THE LUCK OF THE STRONG.** By William Hope Hodgson. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"Rum things! Of course there are rum things happen at sea—as rum as ever there were. I remember when . . ." This alluring introduction to what perhaps is the best yarn in the book might have served equally well as an opening formula for the rest of the thrilling sea stories that make up the greater part of this entertaining volume of "rum things." Mr. Hope Hodgson is certainly an expert raconteur of "rum things," whether of the sea or of the land. He is an adept in the art of giving you the "creeps," and he sees to it that you extract the last ounce of fearful delight from the thrill before he lets you down with a comfortable explanation. In "The Stone Ship," an excellent example of the author's skill, the crew of a wind-jammer, becalmed on a misty night a thousand miles from the nearest land, are astounded to hear the sound of a brook running down a hillside! Next, they become aware of a frightful stench and a strange, fitful glow; and the mystery culminates in the discovery of a ship built wholly of stone, manned by a stone crew, and to all appearances floating on the Atlantic in defiance of the laws of buoyancy. And the explanation, while destroying none of the glamour of the mystery, is remarkably concise and satisfying. Hidden gold and rare sea monsters play important parts in many of the stories. In Captain Jat's quest for the island pearls, a mammoth man-eating crab figures prominently, while one of the biggest thrills in "The Stone Ship" is afforded by a giant sea-caterpillar. Another story tells of the ingenious ruse whereby Captain Gunbolt Charity smuggled "The Painted Lady" into the U.S.A. Ingenious too is the explanation of the ghostly ringing of the bell on the derelict "Laughing Sally"—a story noteworthy also for its amusing sketch of Dot-and-Carry-One Cargunka, shipowner and saloon-keeper. The author spins his yarns cleverly and neatly, has a crisp, racy style, and a bold imagination with a flair for the macabre and horrific that will always appeal to a wide public.

**MR. WILDRIDGE OF THE BANK.** By Lynn Doyle. 6s. (Duckworth.)

This book may be described as something akin to Birmingham humours, which is not to say that it is Brummagem: and although it is of the school of Canon Hannay that is not to say that it is derived. Indeed, Mr. Lynn Doyle may be on surer ground dealing with the towns in the foreign North, which is so very unlike the Ireland we know and yet has so much in common with it. For instance, in the town of Portnamuck the Rector takes the position which in a Southern town would be occupied by the priest: and the Catholic is as accidental a foreigner there as the Protestant in the Southern and Western towns. Yet despite the difference in conditions the book is racily Irish. Mr. Lynn Doyle has unflagging spirits, and the

*Photo by W. Lawrence, Dublin.* **Mr. Lynn Doyle.**

book keeps the reader on the grin very happily, while it is not all farce. Anthony Wildridge is a very delightful character, with his books, his classical quotations, his philosophy, his middle-aged young heart, and his barrier against drunkenness, which is never to drink anything but champagne. All the moving drama and dramatis personæ of Portnamuck are extremely exhilarating. The only one one is not sure of is the hoyden, Miss Nora. She is one of the simple man's heroines whom their own sex cannot abide.

**A FLUTTER IN KINGS.** By David Whitelaw. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Some people are never satisfied. Mrs. Horace van Dossemer had, among other things, a millionaire husband, a lovely daughter, a fifty-thousand dollar yacht, the best suite of rooms at the Ritz—and still she was not satisfied. Hence this novel. What Mrs. van Dossemer wanted was to beat "that cat, Emily Madgwick," she wanted something better than a mere earl for a son-in-law. Fortunately for her ambitions and the reader's entertainment, there happens to be a youthful, unmarried, and only a trifle dissipated, ex-king residing in a humble boarding-house not ten minutes from the British Museum, and a little bargain is soon struck whereby the young man pledges himself to come to the millionaire for his queen once he has been restored to his island throne by the aid of the millionaire's dollars. This "restoring" business proves to be a delicate matter, for a rival and decidedly dissipated claimant to the throne of San Pietro is in the field. The most dramatic scene in the novel is that in which the millionaire claims his bond—unsuccessfully, for the restored king wilfully breaks his pledge and defames his honour in order to set free the millionaire's daughter to marry the man of her choice. The atmosphere of intrigue is well sustained, and much amusement is manufactured out of the misadventures of Wally Burns, a shiftless actor fellow, who instead of "resting" after the pantomime season plays a fat part in this "flutter of kings."

**THE ATONEMENT.** By James Blyth. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

The rivers and broads of Norfolk and Suffolk provide a delightful setting for this ingenious and exciting story of modern adventure, linked up, as it is, with supposed German machinations at the period of the great railway strike. From the time the owner of the little cutter *Dabchick* is kidnapped by members of a secret society, to the moment of the happy and successful ending, the action is kept going at a lively pace. Then, too, there is a strong love interest, rich with dramatic possibilities, though, to a fastidious taste, the treatment is here and there crude and commonplace. Several amphibious rustics play their part with native zest, and prove themselves formidable allies in the final conflict with old England's secret enemies. A great deal of care evidently went to the creation of the machinery of the plot in which an underwater boat plays a conspicuous part, and Mr. Blyth is a clever enough writer to give an air of great probability to his story. The Germans whom the hero finally encounters, however, exhibit a chivalry which, from all we know of the Huns, is almost incredible.


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# The Bookman's Table.

**THE BOOK OF COMMON JOYS.** By Mary L. Pendered. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

Miss Pendered describes these essays as having been "written in autumn sunshine for those who have left summer behind." She does not believe that the good things of life are confined to youth. Rather, with Rabbi Ben Ezra, she would say that "youth shows but half" and that "the best is yet to be" for those who have passed what is commonly called their prime. Such, she tells us, is her own experience, and the joy of it fills the seventeen papers which she has collected into this pleasantly produced volume. Perhaps the secret of Miss Pendered's happiness is that she has never aimed too high. As the title of her book suggests, she finds inspiration enough and to spare in the common people and things of life. She discourses in an easy, fluent, intimate style, upon such subjects as "The Delight of Talking," "The Delight of Planning," "The Delight of Possession," and "The Joys of Country Life." Indeed, there is no sort of homely pleasure that is not celebrated in one or other of these graceful discursions, through which there breathes an infectious spirit of faith and charity, of sweet and reasoned optimism, which will endear them to all who love the quieter backwaters of literature. To read these papers is to listen, as it were, to some familiar and well-loved voice, talking of familiar and well-loved things, in the glow of the evening firelight. It is essentially a companionable book, and such books as this have a very special mission to perform in these days when the hand of sorrow and loneliness and bereavement is heavy upon the world.

**MY STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.** By Joseph Keating. 7s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

"The slope of any career is usually very steep," says Mr. Keating. "Some men are lucky enough to be half-way up the hill before they are born, and are pushed up the remaining half. Other men start their climbing lower down. Few commence at the bottom. I began a quarter of a mile below the bottom." And perhaps the most interesting and most vividly written part of this autobiography is that which deals with his childhood, his schooling, and with the years when he toiled in the coal mines. The life of the little Welsh village of his birth and of the country thereabouts is reproduced with a realistic power and a quiet but sometimes rather sardonic humour that prints the whole picture, with all its picturesque squalor and misery and happiness, as clearly on the reader's mind as if he had seen the things described. We have read few personal records more poignant or more impressive than that which makes up the first half of this book. Perhaps the second half only impresses us less because it brings us on to more familiar ground. It tells how Mr. Keating fought his way through to success as a novelist; then found himself compelled to get work in a city office because literature would not yield him a livelihood; then of how he began again and made a second reputation as a novelist, and added to it that of a successful playwright. The story of his vicissitudes grips your interest throughout. It is as good to read as any romance, but the romance of it lies in its stark reality.

**THE FIRST EDITIONS OF THE WRITINGS OF THOMAS HARDY AND THEIR VALUES: A Bibliographical Handbook for Collectors, Booksellers, Librarians, and Others.** By Henry Danielson. 2s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

Mr. Danielson is at work on a full bibliography of Thomas Hardy, meanwhile he issues this small volume for booksellers and collectors. The information here given is complete and well arranged; we have not detected any errors. In our own opinion it is hardly worth while for collectors to go for first editions of novels, which, as a rule, are both ugly and clumsy. The collector will do very well if he possesses the first issue of the "Wessex" edition, which has a value, because here, for the first time, the novels were printed exactly as written, and the first issues of every volume of verse, more particularly "The Poems of the Past and Present" and the volumes of "The Dynasts." It is an interesting and somewhat odd fact that "Poems of the Past and Present" is very much rarer than the earlier "Wessex Poems," it may be that on the appearance of this volume people realised more that Hardy was a real poet.

**THE BRIDEGROOM.** By Elizabeth Kirby. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

The reviewer of poetry has, as a rule, a very difficult task; to find a unity amidst the general diversity of a volume of verse is not easy, because at one time it is necessary to sympathise with so many moods, and to enjoy so many different things. But Miss Kirby's volume has only one subject, viz., the thoughts of a lover about her beloved. If it is not exactly one poem it is a sequence. Miss Kirby has followed the prevailing mood in rejecting both rhyme and metre, but her phraseology and words are always simple and straightforward. She has contrived a real music of phrase, an underlying beauty which is not quite easy to catch at first, but which betrays itself on a sympathetic and intelligent reading aloud. In the whole volume there is no single strange or old-fashioned word, nor does she ever make her effects by contrasts or discords. The general theme in its treatment appears Oriental rather than English, but it is always restrained, and never approaches the erotic. The poems are all called songs, the ordinary drawing-room singer would find them very difficult, and a chattering audience would be frankly bored, but a musician should find inspiration in the words, and those who care for music and poetry. We have just space for "A Song of Transformation":

"'Now art thou a flower,' said my Belovèd; and I became a flower.
'Thou art a bird,' he said; whereat I stretched my wings.
'And, lo, thou canst fly,' quoth he; and at his word I flew.
'Thou art a magic thing,' he said, 'born of the moon.'
Then did I enter that kingdom and open its doors to him
And the people of earth smiled, saying, 'Who is she that goes lame and ugly into a world of wings.'"

# Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co.

Every one of us, even the most sceptical, has a secret desire to probe into the unknown, and is attracted by stories of the supernatural, especially when such stories are stated to be true and are supported by more or less convincing evidence. Miss Jessie Adelaide Middleton's **White Ghost Book** (6s.) is a weirdly fascinating production, and will particularly interest all who have a taste for occult lore and eerie happenings. Miss Middleton has collected a host of engrossing ghost stories and mysterious incidents; clammy-handed ghosts, heavy-booted ghosts, creeping ghosts, musical ghosts and grey gliding ghosts—all these and many others have a place in her volume. In many cases she is able to supply authentic facts and give names and addresses, and in all cases she relates her tale in a simple straightforward manner that adds greatly to its realism. The book is illustrated chiefly from photographs, four of them depicting ghosts; and the whole makes a welcome companion to the author's two previous publications dealing with the spirit world.

**Oranges and Lemons** (6s.) is not Mrs. Harding's first novel, and it is satisfactory to find it mark a distinct advance in her career as a writer. It is more judicious, more controlled and proportioned than anything she has so far achieved, and in spite of its faults it is a book that seizes the reader, and from episode to episode holds his attention even when arousing his opposition. That episodic nature of the tale is one of its blemishes, and perhaps its strength. For it does not compose wholly into a single central story. The earlier chapters, which introduce and build up the characters and the chief setting are sometimes admirable. Very swiftly and tellingly, though perhaps with old phrases and obvious touches, we are put in possession of the heredity and foredoomed character of the girl Dolores, the daughter of a gipsy girl and an artist, himself the son of a world-famous dancer and the consumptive representative of an old English house wearing down through generations of rather wild and wilful notoriety. Orphaned and picked up in Nice by a childless couple, brought to London at the age of eleven and planted in Bayswater, educated in a girls' school and Kensington

Gardens, she grew up wilful and flashing among the environing hum-drum Paddingtonians, a genius and a dancer. Dancer and genius, she jilted her correct young doctor fiancé and bolted with Hugo Amadis, a vagabondish theatrical bounder, not even marrying him, and becoming soon neglected and ill-treated. At the worst point she was sheltered by a strange, conventional hunchback, whose passion was for doing good by stealth, and who came to love Dolores and her boy. Her life moved on tragically enough, she made friends and lost them, met Amadis and fell under his influence again, lost her boy, lost her money, went down the hill and finally met her end tragically and miserably, mastered by fate, her own weakness and lack of discipline. Probably Mrs. Harding tried to work out too many themes, or touched upon too many, leaving them more or less in the air: the book is better imagined than thought out, but it is agreeable and interesting, and its realistic and actual pages are infinitely better than those which wander into sheer conventional romance. In that fact lies excellent promise for the future.

Dr. Edward Stilgebauer.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

Not all Germans share Bernhardi's belief in the sacredness of war—one German author, Dr. Edward Stilgebauer, is so far from doing so that for the writing of **Love's Inferno** (6s.), a powerful story that has now been translated into English by C. Thieme, he has had to seek safety in exile. It is an impressive novel, grimly, terribly realistic, and yet bringing something of spiritual beauty into its darkest pictures of the war. It tells of the war from the German side, and incidentally is a bitter and mordant attack on Prussian militaristic methods.

MESSRS. PALMER & HAYWARD.

**Ashton-Kirk: Secret Agent,** by John T. McIntire (5s. net), is a capital tale of political intrigue and mystery, ingeniously contrived, and ably and imaginatively written. There is a pleasant love romance running through it, but the strongest interest centres on the strange doings, baffling disappearance and more baffling murder of Dr. Morse. Ashton-Kirk is set to unravel the problem underlying these things, and does so with a cunning and an art in holding the reader in suspense that should ensure a popular success. A former novel woven round the same hero won for Ashton-Kirk the name of "the Sherlock Holmes of America," and he deserves it.

THE KENNY PRESS, DUBLIN.

**The Pope in Killybuck** (6d.), a little three-act comedy by Louis J. Walsh, takes us into a corner of North-East Ulster during the autumn of 1913, and the glimpse of rural life in the hard North is very entertaining. Robert John Sloss, a younger son of a small farmer is very much in love with wee Lizzie. Unfortunately, his maiden aunt Rebecca, an Orangewoman of the fierce type, has other views for Robert John, and as his only hope of marrying any one at all is for his aunt to set him up on a farm, the poor young man is greatly troubled. Now it happens that the farm adjoining that of Aunt Rebecca's is to be auctioned, and Robert has set his heart on it. Knowing the uselessness of tackling his aunt, Robert goes to the good-hearted auctioneer who suggests a clever way out of the difficulty by playing on his aunt's Orange susceptibilities A number of other people are implicated in the plot—good Protestants all, with the exception of Dominick Convery, a member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and a wearer of a flaming green tie in evidence of his sincerity. The day of the auction arrives, and the aunt is horrified when, at the last, the farm is all but knocked down to the Hibernian. The thought of a Papist for a neighbour is well-nigh intolerable, but to make matters worse one of the plotters suggests that the Italians are getting more enlightened every day, and it will not be long before the Pope is driven out of Rome. Where else would the "oul' boy" go but to Ireland, and maybe Dominick is buying the farm on his behalf. This is altogether too much, and Aunt Rebecca jumps at a settlement of peace with honour by *lending* the money to Robert, who gets the farm. In the last act the plotters are met to toast the purchaser and his wee Lizzie. Now amongst a set of Ulster Protestants the last toast to be expected is "The Pope," yet listen to this (its inner significance needs no interpreting):

"*Joe Paul*: Here's to the Pope, and may there be strife betwixt Orange and Green as long as Alexander McCracken has a bad farm o' land to sell.

"*Alexander*: Amen! It would be a poor day for the auctioneers and lawyers if there were no fools in oul' Ireland."


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MR. ALEXANDER GARDNER.

**Jock,** by Quinton McCrindle (1s. net), is likely to have a wide appeal and was well worthy of being reprinted after its serial appearance in a well-known Scottish church periodical. It is a simple and moving little story of a foundling who came into the life of Tom Ramsay, a rough horse-dealer, and Jean, one of nature's gentlewomen. Jock is a delightful study of boy life, and the author describes with great truth and humour the manner of Tom Ramsay's conquest by his adopted son. Jock's triumphs at the university were prematurely cut short, but he lived long enough to repay in full measure the love that had been lavished on him. The pathos of the little story is never forced, and the dialect and the humour and the characterisation are of unusual excellence.

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